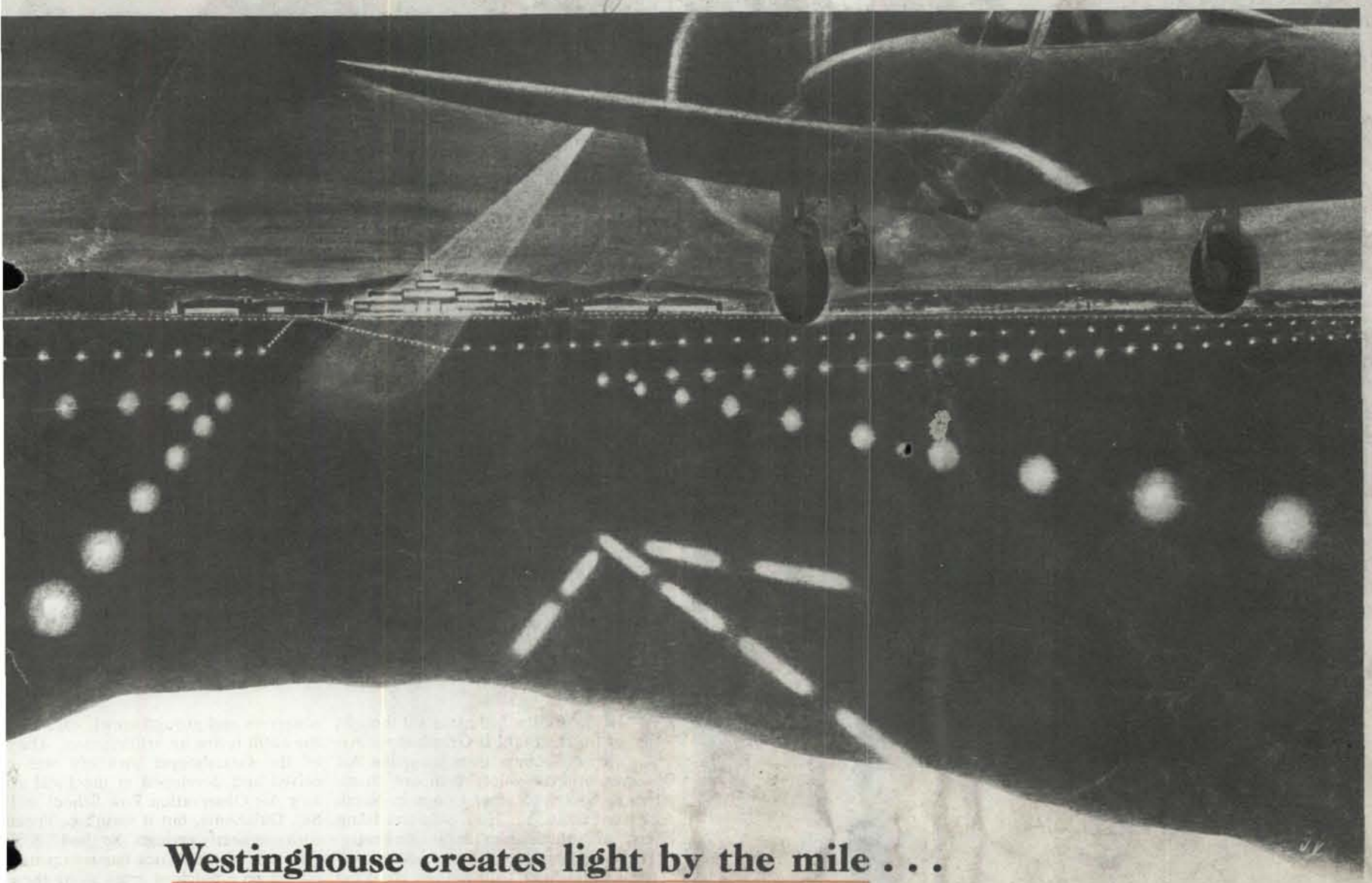
May 15-1943



Westinghouse creates light by the mile . . .

Light for the airport . . . light for the long factory aisle . . . light on the hands of a woman, knitting in the evening. Out of steam or waterpower Westinghouse equipment generates electricity to make this light.

Westinghouse skill is in these lightning fingers . . .

setting the filament in place . . . creating the lamp . . . creating light. In the fingers of such Westinghouse people as Nancy Morris, in their high degree of skill, lies the secret of a thing that is intangible yet real—Westinghouse quality.

Westinghouse kindles a light in a boy's eye . . .

to this boy, and all his generation, we have made a promise: That good things, and useful things—electrical and electronic appliances and products undreamed of yesterday—will come out of the experience gained in this time of war and destruction. Perhaps this boy will take part in their creation . . . with us at Westinghouse. Perhaps he will join us in our common desire—to *do* things better, to *make* things better, for a better and finer world. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

943

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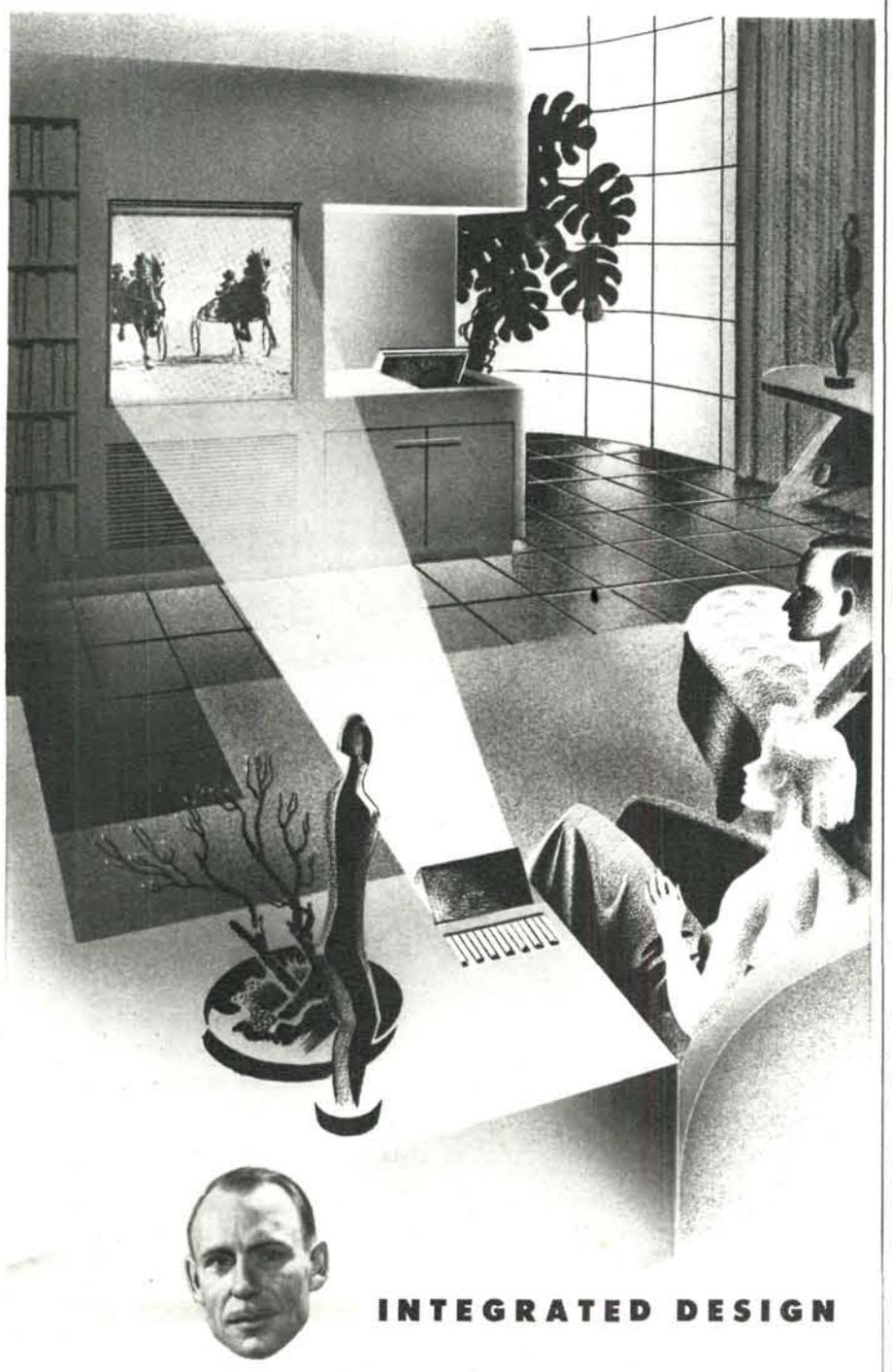
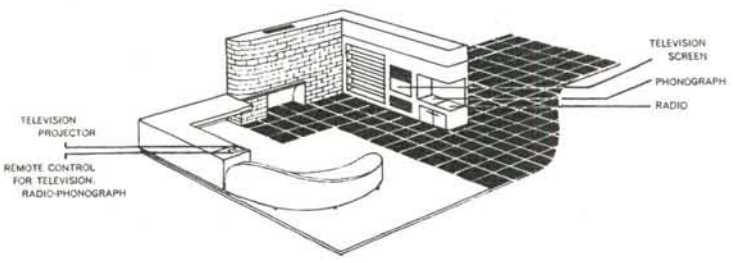


INTEGRATED DESIGN

Incorporating Radio • Television • Phonograph

as visualized by *Taylor Poore* Chicago Designer



In thousands of homes to be built at war's end, radio, television, phonograph will be an integral part of the structure . . . built right into the home. Such is the prediction of Taylor Poore, noted Chicago designer and artist. To help hasten the day when victory will make a practical reality of such dreams as these, both great Admiral plants are busy turning out the vital communications equipment essential to the successful prosecution of the war. ***Continental Radio and Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.***

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. *New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from world news centers.*

Admiral RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

At an Army Artillery school for Observation Post pilots: Officers in the operations room go over plans for the training of candidates for the Grasshopper Artillery. Models of enemy planes suspended from the ceiling are used to teach the students to identify hostile aircraft

THE most dignified name yet thought of for the outfit is Grasshopper Artillery. In their own song, the Air Observation Post pilots compare themselves to fleas, and other troops in North Africa call them the "Hop, Skip and Jump Fliers," and humiliating things like that.

The Grasshopper Artillery is composed of tiny little Piper Cub planes, the kind people putt-putted around in over the Jersey flats back before the war. But the work they do in Africa would curl the teeth of the toughest old-time stunt flier.

The principal duties of the Grasshopper Artillery are to scoot around over battlefields, spotting the fire of enemy guns, giving corrections in range to our own artillery and staying out of the way of enemy fighter planes and antiaircraft.

Suppose we've been trying to take a hill in Tunisia, but we get smashed back time after time by a battery of trench mortars. Our artillery somehow hasn't been able to shut up the emplacement. The Grasshopper boys, parked a short distance behind the front lines, crank up their Cubs, scoot into the air and go looking for the mortars. They fly a few feet off the ground (literally a few feet) and weave in and around and, once in a great while, over the trees, until they spot the enemy guns. Then they watch the shells from our artillery and find they are overshooting by a couple of hundred yards. They radio back the correct range, and bingo—the next few shells from an American 155 millimeter howitzer land smack in the middle of the emplacement and put it out of business.

It sounds fairly simple, except that the Cubs go through sheets of antiaircraft shells on their little trips and they often have to duck Messerschmitts and Macchi fighter planes. Since Cubs fly less than a hundred miles an hour and carry nothing even faintly resembling armor plate or guns, they're particularly vulnerable.

Their only salvation is to stay out of view as much as possible, so they've developed to a fine art the business of frisking through trees, down gulleys, around behind houses, and all the other little tricks that standard pilots are taught to avoid. They can come down anywhere they can find fifty yards of reasonably clear ground and they can get into the air with very little more space.

The Army Artillery trains its own pilots, observers and ground crews; each man the outfit is first an artilleryman. The id of the Grasshopper Artillery was co ceived and developed at the Field Art lery Air Observation Post School at Fo Sill, Oklahoma, but it wasn't equipped turn out nearly enough. So the U. S. Fi Army in North Africa has set up its school on a patch of grass along the ed of an olive grove in French Morocco. turns out fifty qualified O. P. pilots eve six or ten weeks and fifty aircraft m chanics every month.

The boys live in the wooden crates which their planes are shipped. The crat are lined up along a dusty (or mudd road—the condition depending upo which of the characteristic extremes t African weather is hitting at the momen This road is officially labeled Rue de Castle. Using stray bits of wood and few daubs of paint, the students have ma the crates quite livable.

The boys work from sunrise to sunse studying and flying. The mechanics ha to be good because, among other thing they have to assemble their planes wh they arrive, and they have to keep the flying under the most miserable circum stances.

The only reliefs from hard living are goat mascot, with the corny name of Bil the Kid, and a spot of singing after t day's work is done. Most of the singi consists in bellowing out across the Moro can plains the theme song of the outfi If it has a tune, it's the same as the Fi Artillery Song. The battle hymn Grasshoppers goes this way:

Over clouds, under wires,
T'hell with the landing gear and tires,
We're the eyes of the artillery.
In and out through the trees
We're as hard to find as fleas,
We're the eyes of the artillery.

The chorus comes out even louder:

So then it's fly, fly, see
For the field artillery.
Shout out your data long and stro
RANGE CORRECT!
So we'll give the Axis fits
With our Maytag Messersc
We're the Grasshopper A

—ROBER

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"WHEN YOU COME BACK TO ME..."

I know you will come back to me. I've never doubted that, ever!

And when you do come back, you will find, just as you left them, everything your letters tell me you hold dear. I will be wearing the same blue dress I wore the day you went away. And on my arm the silver bracelet you gave me last April on our anniversary.

And, waiting for you, the children will be first to hear the sound of your step on the walk, and the quick way that you and only you open and shut the old white gate.

How they will run to greet you, far out-racing my own swift step, meeting you with shouts and laughter, before I have even reached the door!

Inside, in the living room, you'll find your easy chair, your footstool and your slippers, just as they always were each night before you went to war.

When you come back to me, you will find nothing changed. Those at home promise that.

Here in your town, your children are still free to sleep and laugh and play . . . still free to look to the sky, clear-eyed and unafraid.

Our house still stands, white and lovely as it always was, and down the street the maples march straight and tall, unwithered by the heat of war! And every Sunday, steeple bells still ring and in our church we still sing hymns to God.

I've told the children, and I tell myself, this is what you're fighting for! These are the big and little things worth waiting for. The things that make our lives worth living, that make this war worth winning.

We are so proud of you.

Proud that you are making sure that hate and greed and tyranny will never rise to threaten us again.

And we are proud to make our own sacrifices, knowing that they will help to bring you back to us sooner.

Back home to the same town, to the same job you liked so much . . . to the same America we have always known and loved . . . where you can work and plan and build . . . where together we can do the things we've always dreamed of . . . where we and our children are free to make our lives what we want them to be . . . where there are no limits on any man's, or any woman's, or any child's opportunity.

You've said, "That's the America I want when I come back . . . don't change that, ever . . . don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well."

Never fear, darling—that's the way we *all* want it.

Everything will be here, just as you left it, just as you want it . . . when you come back to me!

. . .

Dedicated to the loved ones of America's fighting men who, here at home, are fighting their fight . . . keeping for them until they come back, the same America they knew before they went to war.

. . .

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

If you would like copies of "When You Come Back To Me," for yourself and to enclose in your next letter to someone in our fighting forces, we will gladly send them to you upon request.

Buy War Bonds—accept rationing cheerfully—speed the day of Victory!

NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

May 15, 1

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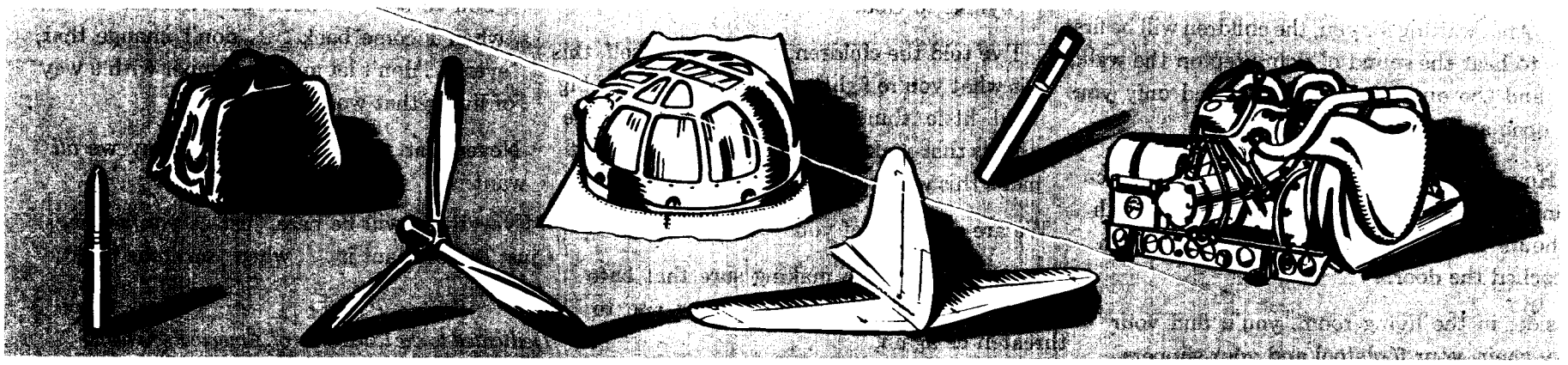
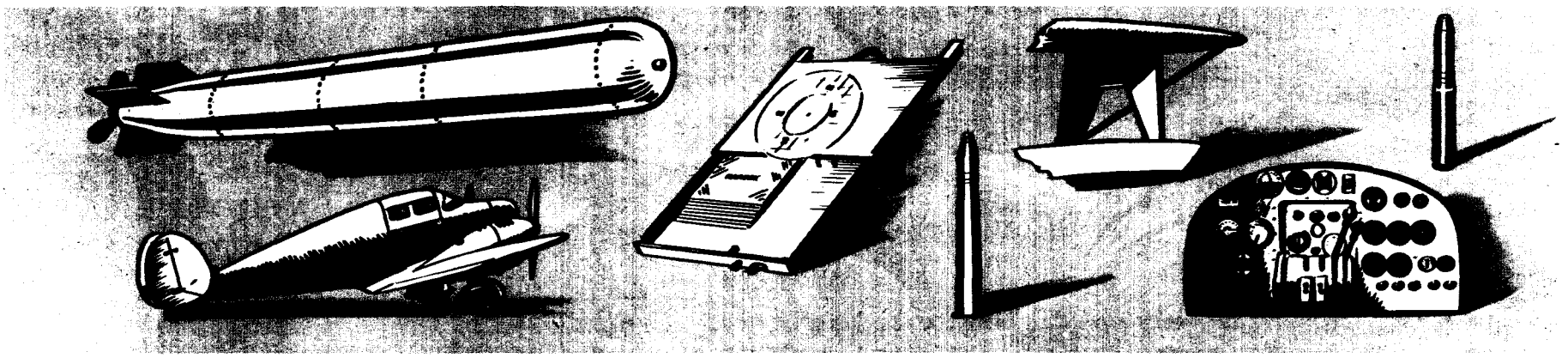
Teamwork Speeds Production

Months ago, we teamed up with a 23-state network of 1189 sub-contractors. The result: mass production . . . months sooner.





● These are not all the war products of Remington Rand and affiliated companies; there are others which we can not picture. But the ones we can show point out a significant fact: the same abilities required to make our extremely diversified lines of office equipment are being devoted today to the production of a wide variety of war materials. And the capacity of our production lines is tremendously increased by the loyal, enthusiastic co-operation of hundreds of sub-contractors scattered throughout the land. This is the picture of America today . . . factories and people everywhere teaming up to bring our men home sooner.

YOU'RE ON THE TEAM, TOO. PUT 10% OF EVERY DOLLAR INTO WAR BONDS!

Remington Rand

ON THE HOME FRONT we fight the war, too... by helping other war plants increase their production... by furnishing control systems and filing equipment to help *all* businessmen combat shortages of personnel and mountains of paper-work... by supplying the technical advice of experienced specialists skilled in all phases of accounting and record control. If increased office efficiency can help *your* business, we urge you to call our nearest office today.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 15, 1943

"Merivale, his hands in his pockets, walked as carefully as though he'd had a couple of pints. But his eyes fair burned out at you"

THE NOBLE FOOL

By William J. Makin

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

He was a besotted little fellow who dug in the dust of Crete for fragments of a better day. Then the Stukas screamed overhead and he had his chance to be a man

I FIRST found him, very drunk, in a wineshop overlooking the harbor at Heraklion, in Crete. I had landed from a seaplane in Suda Bay, and a technical hitch, necessitating a delay of some days, decided me to spend some time in what I considered to be one of the most picturesque ports of the Mediterranean. I left the pilot "browned off" and sweating over his machine. I was free to enjoy myself. This was in the happy sunshine days before Greece had been invaded and caught up in the agony of war.

Sitting with my back against the barrels of wine piled to the roof, I stared through the doorway at the medley of caïques and fishing craft jostling the harbor. It was then I saw a thin, musician's hand push aside the strings of sausages that dangled from the rafters. An ascetic face topped by scanty, disheveled hair, materialized. He was wearing a fisherman's shirt and trousers which, I guessed, belonged to someone else. There was no mistaking the English gentleman.

"You must have a glass of wine with me," he said, very seriously. "Englishmen are quite rare in this island and they are almost unknown in such a tavern, except myself. My name is Merivale—Aloysius Merivale."

WE SHOOK hands in casual fashion. He spoke carefully and deliberately, knowing that he was drunk. Every word was carefully enunciated. The introductions over, he clapped his hands explosively. The old waiter, Oedipus, shuffled forward in his tired fashion.

"More wine—and the best you have," demanded Merivale in excellent Greek. Then he leaned across the table, stretched out a leg and hooked another chair on which to rest his sandaled feet. He smiled in friendly fashion.

That was the immediate impression he gave—an overwhelming friendliness. His eyes had an eager, spaniel-like shining. I liked the man from the beginning, despite his disreputable garb. I ignored Oedipus who, as he uncorked a bottle of wine, looked at me and tapped his head significantly. Mad people, I decided, didn't get drunk in this nice, friendly fashion.

"Been in Crete long?" he asked.

"Three hours. And you?"

"Ten years. And I'm happy to say I've been drunk most of the time. But don't misunderstand me. There are other things

(Continued on page 55)

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MARRIAGE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

BY GRETTA PALMER PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Will your marriage fail or succeed? It's not entirely a matter of guesswork now. Scientific study of thousands of marriages reveals startling new facts as to what makes you a good prospect as a husband or a wife, and whether you'll be happy or unhappy

FIFTEEN years ago, the world of science would have had very little help to offer you in the important matter of planning a successful marriage. But today, if you live in one of the cities where marriage-counseling bureaus exist, you can find an expert ready to advise you in the light of known facts. For marriage has been put under the microscope.

The counselor can tell you: "The girl's parents disapprove. That's too bad, but it doesn't much affect the chances of the marriage. But if it were the groom's parents who objected, the chances of happiness would be reduced by almost half. The age difference is a positive advantage, especially since the girl is over 19 and the man younger than 31.

"Now, young man, to how many clubs do you belong? Is your mother living? Were you brought up on a farm or in a small town? What percentage of your salary have you saved? What is your job?" (Men in some occupations have five times the chance at married happiness of those in others.)

When you have both answered a long list of questions and the counselor knows the facts about your childhood and education, you may both be given a temperament test and a list of questions to show your attitude on current events. (Happy married couples tend to agree in viewpoints, but to disagree in temperament.) After that, a statistician can give a pretty reliable answer to the question: Have we a better than average chance of happiness if we marry?

This knowledge is the result of innumerable patient studies made in the past fifteen years by sociologists who hoped to discover the sources of dissatisfaction in American marriage. What these studies have revealed has laid the foundations for the very new Science of Married Happiness. It is not, by any means, an exact science, like physics or chemistry, but it's on the way!

Knowledge of marital risks has now reached the point where helpful aid can be given in marriages that go wrong. Such a couple will be asked different questions from those thrown at the engaged: Is the wife more than 15 pounds overweight? Is she neat? How often does the family move? How do you both rate in the temperament test? And so on.

The questions may seem aimless but the answers to them tell a great deal. For each question has been answered by thousands of married persons, whose happiness or misery was already known. It is on such widespread questioning that the whole science of marriage happiness rests.

All These—and Happiness, Too

This science of marriage is new. It had its origin in the modern demand that marriage bring happiness to the individual—not just spiritual, social and economic benefits, but happiness, too. Our modern cry that a marriage must be happy or cease to exist had driven the American divorce rate in 1929 to one divorce in six marriages—an increase of 2,000 per cent in the number of divorces since 1867.

It was just about then (in 1929, when American marriage seemed on its way out) that the sociologists went seriously to work to find out why.

John and Jean were very contented. Why? Mary and Martin were in the divorce courts. Why? Nobody knew. But, said students of the subject, if we take a thousand Johns and Jeans and ask them a lot of personal questions, we may get a clue. Then if we ask the same questions of a thousand Marys and Martins, perhaps we'll discover differences, so that we can say to married couples: "Look out! These are the practices of the Marys and Martins who fail to agree. Avoid them, as John and Jean have done."

The hundreds of surveys of this type have brought to light some surprising facts. They show us that, although farmers have a very low divorce rate, couples living on farms include fewer "very happy" men and women than any other group. They indicate that "insufficient income" is blamed by the majority of unhappy couples for their differences, but

(Continued on page 74)

Match or mismatch? The marriage counselor likely has the right answer after a checkup on the couple's backgrounds, habits, tastes, dislikes and temperaments

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THE SOMETIMES DOG

By Vereen Bell

Fred was a bird dog who doubled in hogs. He was also an actor. Who could make a mortgage stick to a dog like that?

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Jud came toward them in a slow trot. His eyes were vacant, his jaw slack. "He done goan mad!" exclaimed Lobie in terror and fled

THE fiscal manager of the Terrill properties looked up from his desk suddenly and said to Claude McLeod. "Now what is this? A past-due note for a hundred and thirty dollars signed by a Jud Lee, it looks like, and the security is 'one pointer dog, Fred.' A dog!"

"Well, Mr. Ryburn, you know how Mrs. Terrill is, softhearted. Jud Lee's a no-count cracker and he was about to lose his bird dog and she took his note. Never expected to get her money back."

"Of course not!" Ryburn exploded. "How does she expect me to put the plantation on a paying basis? Is that dog any good?"

"As good as I ever saw. He's worth twice the face of that note."

Ryburn's eyes sharpened. "Could you use another shooting dog on the plantation?"

"We can always use one like that. But I'd sort of hate to beat old Jud out of his dog."

"A note's a note, isn't it?"

JUD LEE, being chitlin'-hungry, had spent the morning in search of a hog to kill, if necessary even one of his own. Behind him strolled the pointer Fred, now doubling as a catch dog. Having been instructed by Jud that this was a hog hunt, Fred knew better than to go running off bird-hunting.

But the hunt was unsuccessful unless you counted an armful of collards that Jud had got from Mr. Sidler's patch. *"Know* he wouldn't begrudge me a little old turn of collard greens," Jud thought. "And if he *is mean* enough to, it serves him right they was stole."

When he reached his house he found Claude McLeod and Mr. Ryburn waiting in front of the house in the car. Jud's children sat on the fenders of the car, motionlessly and silently, staring at them.

"Come in and set a spell," Jud invited.

Claude McLeod looked uncomfortable. He nudged Ryburn. "You got to do the talking."

"Lee, we have here your note to Mrs. Terrill for one hundred and thirty dollars, plus interest, with your dog Fred as collateral. Are you prepared to pay this note?"

"I shore as heck ain't prepared," Jud answered in astonishment.

"Then we'll have to take the dog."

"Why that old fat lady never aimed for me to have to pay that note!"

"The note is due, Lee, and I'm in charge of it."

Jud pleaded and threatened but he knew they had him. When they were gone and Fred with them, he squatted in the yard and tears came down his cheeks. The children leaned against the house and cried, and Ceely stood silently in the front door and covered her face with her old apron.

"I'll put a root in their yard," Jud said ominously. "Anyway, it's a satisfaction to know old Fred won't hunt fer them, ner nobody but me.". . .

A few days later Claude McLeod drove up to the house of the melancholy Lees. Jud rose to a sitting position, saw who it was, and called, "Little sister, fetch me my gun and a couple them buckshot shells out'n that coffee can."

"Wait, Jud," Claude said, "I came to offer you a job. I was sure sorry about taking old Fred, but Ryburn's the boss, and he said the note had to be settled."

Jud didn't answer. "Little sister, what's a-keeping you?"

"Jud, listen. Fred won't hunt for me. Just mopes around and trots under the wagon. I told Ryburn the only way to get him to hunt was to hire you. He's set on making that deal work out, so he told me to come get you."

"What you aim to do," Jud said wisely, "is have me stay there until old Fred gits used to them Yankee ways, and then you'll git shed of me."

"We'll put it in writing. Set a time."

Jud thought a long time. Finally he said, "When I take a job," Jud said, "I like to settle down to it and stay with it. Make it two months. Er even three. I'll git my Sunday overhalls and my shoes."

But Jud had no intention of staying at Cedar Hill plantation two or three months. The idea was completely repugnant to him except as a possible position from which to get Fred back. Even the sight of the plantation, with its rambling white manor house on the winter-grass-green hill, the rolling acres of pine woods and fields, the wire and concrete kennel pens, the walking horses, and the huge and lazy Duroc swine failed to change his opinion of his job.

Only one thing impressed him—the speedy little gasoline lawn mower which buzzed rapidly across the greensward, piloted by a light-colored Negro in the bucket seat.

Down at the kennels fifty fine-looking dogs ran back and forth in their pens, yelping and barking until Claude shouted them quiet. Jud had never seen so many dogs. Fred lay in the sun, half asleep. He raised his head, manifested his recognition of Jud by yawning, and then dozed again.

"He don't look none too good," Jud said. "He's drindled down a right smart. Where you git your corn meal ground at?"

"We feed meat and prepared dog food," Claude said. "Fred didn't like meat at first but he's getting used to it. Now listen. We start in the morning at nine. You be ready. I want them to see old Fred hunt."

Next morning, Jud looked with astonishment at the hunting caravan. There were two handlers in white coats on clipped horses. Next, drawn by two huge matched bay mules, was a shining wicker brougham in which rode the four hunters—a shipbuilder, a woman artist, Ryburn and Mrs. Terrill—also in white coats. Behind them and drawn by matched chestnut mules was the glossy black-and-red dog wagon.

Claude McLeod had one of the Negroes bring Fred and another dog from the dog wagon. "Now make him hunt, Jud, or I'll be in bad around here after getting Ryburn to hire you."

The dog Fred looked at Jud to see if this was a hog hunt or a bird hunt, and Jud said, "Well, what you waiting on? Go at it."

FRED went at it. Claude relaxed in his saddle and enjoyed the sparkling and wise hunting. Presently Fred pointed. Claude shot Ryburn a look which said, "You see?"

Jud stood back and watched in curiosity as the shipbuilder and the woman artist finished their conversation and finally got down to shoot. The woman came on Jud's side and looked at him. He looked at her. She said, "Aren't you going to get my gun?"

Jud said, "Where's it at?"

She pointed sternly to the side of the dog wagon. But by now one of the Negroes got the gun from the gun box and came running forward and handed it to Jud. Jud handed it to her.

She said, "Why, you haven't loaded it!"

"If you don't even know how to load a durn' gun," Jud said, "you got no business fooling with it." He turned to his dog. "Fred, watch yourself when this skinny woman draws up to shoot."

Guns at the carry, the two shooters walked past the pointing dog with great stealthiness, as if threading their way

(Continued on page 42)

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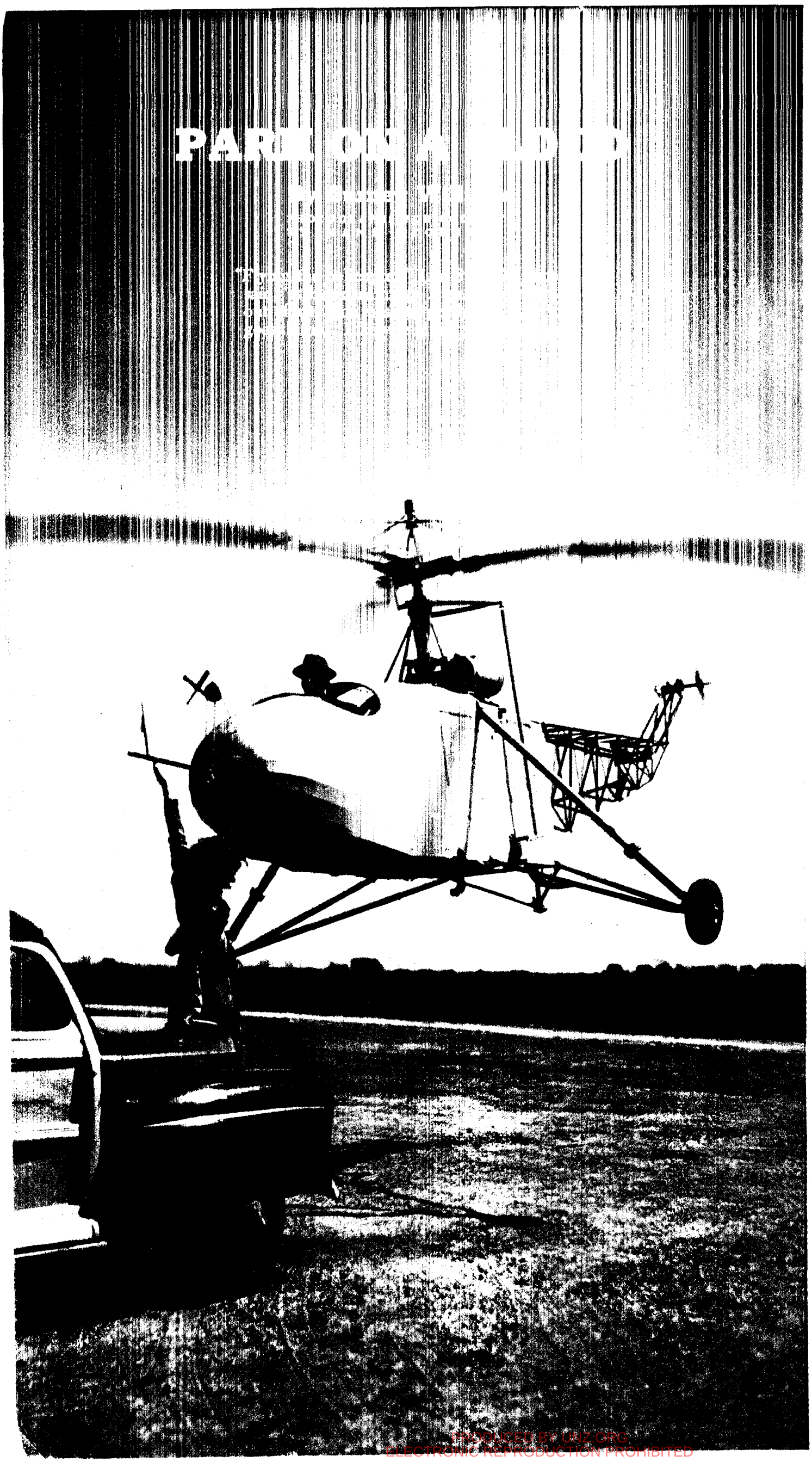

YOU don't have to be rabidly air-minded to go slightly bats about helicopters. Caspar Milquetoast himself will undoubtedly be among the first to turn in his War Bonds for the flivver model to come—but the ten-year Bonds will have matured by then. Igor Ivanovitch Sikorsky, who invented it, thinks there will be no helicopter traffic problem before 1955, at the earliest.

"Even then," Sikorsky says, "there should be no aerial traffic jams. That is not my particular concern any more than the traffic problem worried the man who built the first automobile. But I do predict that it will be far easier to control 1,000,000 helicopters than 1,000,000 automobiles."

They didn't know it, but the Greeks had a couple of words for this plane—*helikos* (spiral) and *pteron* (wing). The term rotary wing represents the first fundamental change in airplane design since the Wright brothers flew that revolutionary crate at Kitty Hawk forty years ago come December. Theirs was the conventional airplane principle—a ship with rigid wings which depends upon swift forward motion supplied by engine and propeller to push or pull it through the air. The disadvantages of this requirement of speed in take-off and landing have kept the average citizen pretty much in the back seat of today's airplane. He has done a lot of riding, but he has been perfectly satisfied to let George handle the controls.

Now, however, comes Sikorsky, with what looks like the answer to a maiden flight for everybody. His helicopter has no wings at all: it is lifted, supported and moved in flight by a powered rotor with winglike blades that spin horizontally. Essentially, it is a wingless airplane with a propeller on top, that flies up, instead of a propeller in front, that flies forward. The helicopter needs neither runway nor forward rush to get into the air, and it can land in any twenty-by-twenty-foot area, whether it's the roof of a skyscraper or the bottom of a quarry. Equipped with rubber pontoons it can land in mud or snow or on ice or water. Incidentally, it's more maneuverable on water than a boat.

This rules out, to great extent, the weather hazard in flying. You don't have to go around or above a storm; you just squat down anywhere and wait for it to go away, or fly along, slowly, inches above the ground. Furthermore, even today's new helicopter can fly safely when the conventional light plane is kept in the hangar.

Out of This World

Watching Igor Sikorsky demonstrate his VS-300, the first successful helicopter in the Western Hemisphere, you wonder if Walt Disney might not have had a part in concocting its capers. You find out later that anything pertaining to Sikorsky's dream ship brings out an impish sense of humor that lies dormant when this precise, soft-spoken, Russian-born plane pioneer discusses less interesting topics.

When he climbs into the open cockpit of the VS-300 at the Sikorsky plant (a division of United Aircraft in Stratford, Connecticut), the 53-year-old inventor becomes a boy again. Mechanics start the 90-horsepower Franklin engine. The three fourteen-foot blades of the main rotor begin to sweep in their horizontal arc. The two smaller blades of the auxiliary rotor spin vertically, and about five times faster, at one side of the tail. When the engine warms up and the rotor blades

Left: With Igor Sikorsky at the controls, the VS-300 eases down to touch the finger tips of Nancy Hill, Sikorsky employee. Note the homemade airspeed indicator in front of pilot and zippers in fabric covering fuselage

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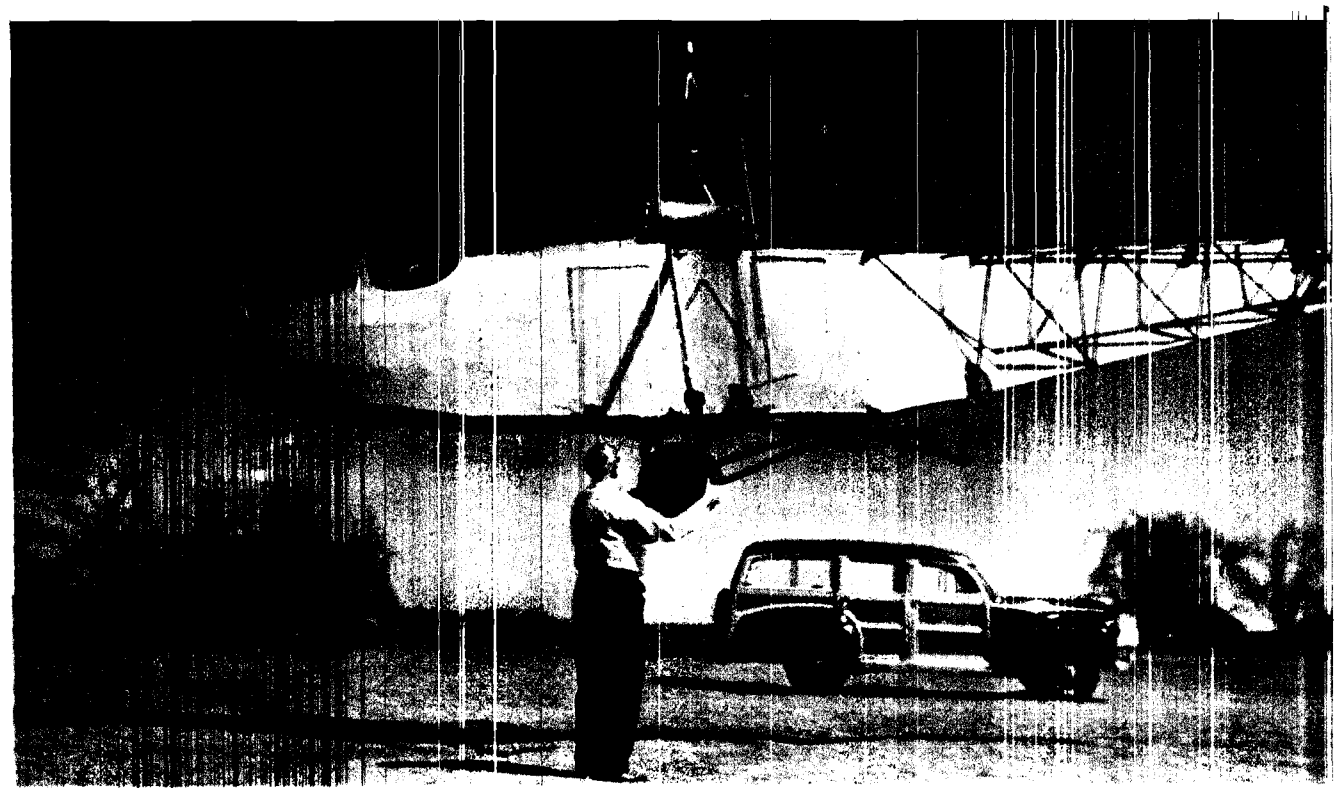


While Sikorsky "parks" less than six feet above the ground, his twenty-year associate Al Krapish takes off a landing wheel. Like a hummingbird, the VS-300 can hover almost indefinitely. The wooden pennant in front of the plane's nose is a drift indicator

are turning at the rate of 240 miles per hour, the ship is ready to rise.

So that you may see how a helicopter operates, let's pretend now that you're in Sikorsky's place. On your left is a lever something like the hand brake on your car; in front of you is a control stick; and your feet rest on two pedals. When you pull the lever slowly toward you it changes the pitch of the rotor blades—as you might turn or twist the blades of an electric fan—and the engine is automatically speeded as the blades bite deeper into the air. The 1,200-pound ship, making much less clatter than you had anticipated, begins to rise straight up. The incredible has happened—but you haven't seen anything yet.

At your desired altitude you push the lever away from you and the machine hovers, bobbing slightly like a launch at anchor. Your next move is to push the control stick in front of you. This causes the main rotor disk to incline somewhat forward, so that the lifting force of the rotor blades is partially used to draw the craft forward. You pull the stick back and the ship stops, then actually flies backward. You move the stick to the right or left and the helicopter turns on its vertical axis like a weather vane. Meantime, you have neither lost nor gained altitude.

With the Greatest of Ease

Now you try the foot pedals, which actuate the auxiliary rotor. As you push the left pedal the tail moves to the right and the ship banks automatically to the left. The other pedal, of course, banks you to the right. Next, using both the control stick and the foot pedals, you fly in such wacky directions as sideways and down or backward and up. Or vice versa.

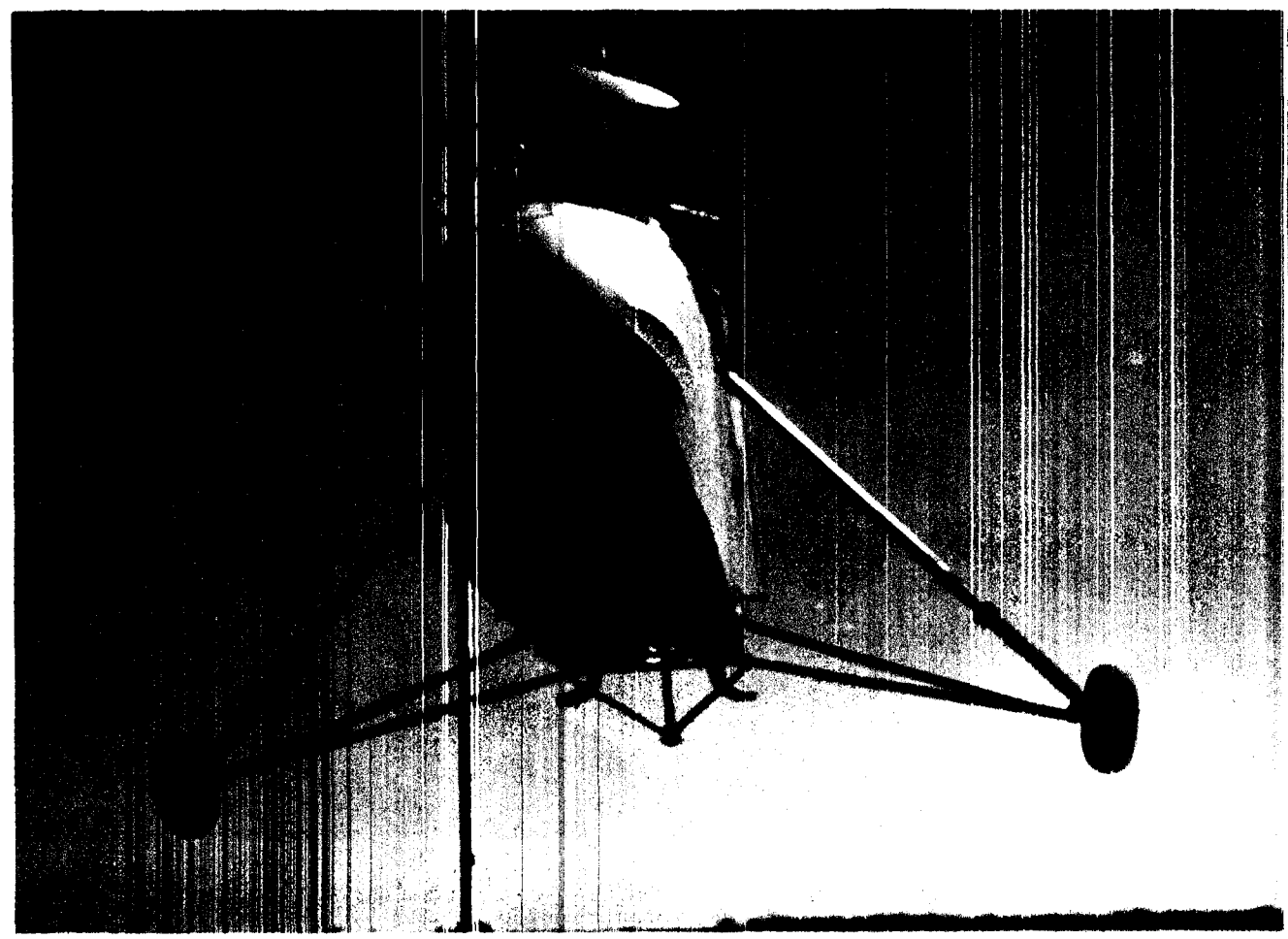
When you tire of this and want to come down, you pick out a landing spot directly below you, neutralize the control stick and push the lever forward. The rotor blades flatten out a little and the ship settles to the ground so gently that a dozen eggs, suspended in a net below the fuselage, go back into the refrigerator without a crack in them. You haven't had to worry a moment about where you were going to land or about engine failure. Where you land doesn't much matter and in case your power quits, a free-wheeling gadget lets the rotor blades whirl independently (this is the autogiro principle) and you windmill safely down. Page Mr. Milquetoast!

The egg trick is no figure of speech. It is one of the many unusual stunts Sikorsky (who holds helicopter private flying license No. 1) and Engineering Test Pilot Charles L. Morris (who holds helicopter commercial flying license No. 1) do to demonstrate the controllability of the wingless wonder.

Most of the tricks center around a short bowsprit that sticks out horizontally from the nose of the ship. If you stand stock-still on the ground with one arm rigidly upraised, the pilot will bring the helicopter down, nuzzle the palm of your hand with the tip of the spar and back away from you without having touched the earth. Equally spectacular proof of the VS-300's steadiness is the ring trick, wherein the ship's bowsprit spears and lifts from a pole a three-inch ring, then sidles over to a ground man to have it removed. Sikorsky admits you might be able to pick apples or cherries out of your orchard while loafing in the air just above the treetops, but he hasn't tried it yet.

What all this means to the war effort, in which the Sikorsky plant is busily engaged, is that here is a type of airship for which many wartime uses have been projected. There is talk of using them to combat submarines from the decks of convoy ships. By means of a rope ladder they could land supplies at, or rescue soldiers from, otherwise inaccessible spots. In liaison work they would be difficult for enemy planes to find; and at night, with exhausts muffled and lacking propeller noise, they could operate almost silently. And so on.

It will be just a year ago next week that the first Sikorsky-built, U. S. Army helicopter was delivered by Pilot Morris to Wright Field, at *(Continued on page 67)*



Just how delicately a helicopter can be controlled is shown above. The ship is nosed up to a set of rings atop an 8-foot pole, the bowsprit spears the exact center and lifts both rings into the air

Plant Guard Donald Forbes becomes the world's first "helicop" as he gives the stop signal to Engineering Test Pilot C. L. Morris, who made history last year by flight-delivering an Army helicopter 761 miles

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THESE ARE YOUR SONS

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

BY RADIO FROM [illegible]

They're holding down a world-girdling life line to the war's distant fronts. They're boys from the cornfields, the mines and factories, and they're soldiers now. Quentin Reynolds tells you how they live, work and play in Trinidad and Brazil, Africa and the Middle East

THE big wheels of the four-engined Douglas dug into the black concrete of the moonlit runway and we roared by the office building of the Miami airport. A moment later, one of the less air-minded passengers asked, "Are we off?"

General Edgar Glenn peered out of the small window, looked down and said dryly, "If we aren't, they've played a dirty trick on us because our wheels are up."

That was a week ago. Today I am in Cairo, just 14,000 miles from the moonlight of Miami, and for this past week the wheels of the big aircraft have been for the most part up.

What would have been a miracle of transportation two years ago is now something which the Air Transport Command accomplishes dozens of times a day with monotonous regularity.

During the past three years, I have been with every Allied navy, army and air force. But never have I seen displayed the efficiency, the high morale of personnel, the technical perfection which characterized the work of our Air Transport Command. One expects it at the established airdromes of Miami, or Natal in South America. But one finds it too in the jungles and deserts of Central Africa where engines are changed and cracked cylinders are replaced just as quickly as such major repair jobs are done at La Guardia Field. And the thousands of pilots and ground men who stretch from Miami through Trinidad down the coast of South America, who span the South Atlantic and now billet in large and small airports across Africa are all Americans.

Let me tell you something of these sons of yours and of how they work and live and play.

In peace days, Trinidad was a pleasant place to break the long cruise to Rio. Trinidad as a steady diet for American lads from Brooklyn and Chicago and Atlanta is something else again. The huge airport, first stop en route, with its barracks and repair shops, is far from the town of Port-of-Spain, and the men (their exact number is a military secret) stationed there have to fashion a life for themselves.

Occasionally, there is a break in the rather dull routine of from ten to eighteen working hours a day. This break is usually furnished by much-maligned Hollywood. Three times a week there are moving pictures, and each picture is preceded by the announcement on the screen: "This film donated to the War Department without cost by the Moving Picture Industry of America."

These are not tired old pictures of another day; they are the pictures you are seeing this week in first-run picture houses. And very occasionally some unit of film stars comes to Trinidad to give the men some "live entertainment."

Always Ready to Perform

The night I arrived, the station was agog with excitement. Pat O'Brien was in Trinidad. I had left O'Brien three weeks before in New York. Pat is a big twinkling-eyed Irishman who hasn't an enemy in the world.

I went to see him perform. O'Brien stayed on the stage for two hours. He told every gag and sang every song he knew, and when sheer exhaustion forced him to stop, the men arose and cheered for eight minutes. O'Brien stumbled into the wings of the theater and collapsed. His face was drawn; he had lost twenty pounds since I'd seen him three weeks before in New York. He had been giving three and four shows a day and flying anywhere the Air Transport Command had asked him to go. I told him he'd better take a rest, a.. the Irishman laughed.

Henry Kardel, Pan American Airways employee who has since become a first lieutenant in the United States Army, is shown directing field air traffic at the airport Somewhere in Africa

"These guys here don't get much rest," he said wearily. "Those guys at Guadalcanal don't get much chance to rest, do they? What right have we civilians to rest? I'll give a show anywhere, any time, as long as two kids in uniform ask for me."

"Do you know what day this is, Pat?" I asked him, and when he shook his head tiredly, I reminded him that it was March 17th.

"St. Patrick's Day!" he yelled. "Glory be! What are we waiting for? If only that Cagney were with us now!"

And so we found a few soldiers who were Irish and we did what Irishmen have done on St. Patrick's day for hundreds of years, and if Mrs. Pat should see this, I

(Continued on page 77)

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ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

We got our cue and whirled out on the floor in the opening measures of our dance. It was quite a tricky number

SOUND OF REVELRY

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story Thus Far:

JUDY MORGAN and Steve Harrison (the narrator) are dancing teachers in New York. Despite frequent quarrels, they are in love.

Judy's prize pupil is a wealthy, middle-aged man: Jonathan Tate. He pays her well for gadding about and dancing with him. Judy likes him. One evening, while Steve and Judy are giving lessons to a group in a penthouse apartment on Fifth Avenue, they step out on the terrace. Babs Willard—a bold, vivacious girl, who is in love with Steve—follows them. Steve and Judy hide in the darkness.

Babs goes to the railing of the terrace. A short distance away—and one story below her—is Tate's apartment. Suddenly there is a sharp report; it comes, apparently, from Tate's rooms. A man in dinner clothes—tall, light-haired, about thirty—comes out on Tate's terrace. Then a woman—a beautiful blonde whom he addresses as "Claire"—joins him. They tell Babs that a gun had gone off accidentally.

Judy goes in and rejoins the party. Steve, following her, is intercepted by Babs, who puts her arms around him and kisses him. Steve does not react at all. However, Judy sees lipstick on his face—and leaves the party without him.

Babs inveigles Steve into letting her take him home, in her car. But they do not go far—somewhere on Fifth Avenue someone shoots Babs from another car. Steve sees the car. Then Babs' car swerves, crashes into a lamppost. . . .

Steve—knocked unconscious by the collision—comes to in a hospital. There he is interviewed by three members of the Homicide Squad—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard. He answers all questions truthfully.

The detectives give him some shocking news: Babs, shot by the mysterious attackers, is dead; *and Jonathan Tate has also been murdered!* . . . Tate's will is read. He gives everything he owns (including the Torrid Zone, a night club) to Judy! Steve calls on her. They discuss the tragedies. Then: "There are a few things I've got to know," Steve says quietly. "In the first place, what is your idea about why Babs was killed?"

III

BABS was killed," Judy said slowly, "because she was the only witness to what we now know was a murder. That is, she was the only person who could identify the murderers."

"You could," I said. "So could I."

"But they don't know that. They didn't see anybody but Babs."

I started to say something and then changed my mind. She caught it and wanted to know what I'd started to say. I shook my head and said, "Skip it."

"No, we won't skip it. You were thinking that they might have seen me when I left you at the elevator shaft and walked around the corner of the penthouse: Isn't that so?"

"Maybe."

"They didn't." Judy seemed positive. "Because of what had happened, I was interested. I looked at them. They were talking to each other and paying no attention to our terrace."

"That's reasonable. But we can't be sure."

"Yes, we can . . ." Her voice was low. "We have other reasons for believing that. If they killed Babs because she represented a threat to them, they'd have done the same to me."

"They may have missed you last night, and not know who you are or where to find you."

"They'd know now," she said quietly. "My picture is in all the evening papers. With my name and address. Those papers have been on the streets since one o'clock this afternoon."

I said, "Those dumb cops . . ." but she went right on. "That's why I'm beginning to feel safe," she said.

I didn't, and I told her so. I told her a lot of things. I got very vehement about it. Before I knew what was happening, she was quieting me down. It wasn't any easy job, but she went at it the right way.

Her eyes were clear gray now—warm and soft. We'd both been through an awful lot, and it was grand to sit there with our arms around each other and try not to think. I liked the way her hair tickled my cheek and the fact that for once we weren't fighting.

It was intimate and wonderful. And then I felt Judy slipping away from me: not physically, but mentally. I knew she was preparing to say something, and I wondered what it was going to be. A person doesn't grope for words unless what

(Continued on page 47)

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First conversion of the original Alice Faye concoction—the long train has been converted into ruffles for skirt and waist, and Lynne Roberts uses it in School for Saboteurs. It's a gown for dancing, very young and gay

THE GOWN GOES TO TOWN

René Hubert is a man who can make a monkey out of priorities, government restrictions and scarcities. Costume designer for 20th Century-Fox Studios in Hollywood, M. Hubert has brought his French thriftiness to a peak of frenzy. Give the man ten yards of tulle and he will dress a ballet. Give him material enough for a gown that will reveal the pulchritude of Miss Alice Faye in Hello, Frisco, Hello (see picture above) and he will tear that creation down, cut it up into slabs and make it serve endlessly for other females in other pictures. But what those ladies say about using Faye's castoffs is not reported

The old dress gets hotter by the moment. Herewith, Vivian Blaine as a harem lady in Coney Island. The headgear, if anybody notices it, is fashioned from what was once the evening cape, plus ostrich feathers

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'ow Doris Merrick gets a crack at it (with René Hubert look-ıg on with some smugness) and it becomes a slinky modern ress, with the original tulle ruffles fashioned into an extrava-ant evening cape. This is used in I Escape from Hong Kong. 'ltra is most obviously the word for Doris in this sequence

The ruffles again—as evening hat and muff for Roseanne Murray in War Correspond-ent. Very hot stuff against black velvet background. The velvet is not part of the original. M. Hubert can't do everything

Now it begins to get daring. Look at Ronda Fleming in an early 1900's gown in Sweet Rosie O'Grady. Note silver skirt slit to the knee and never again look down your nose at those dull old-timers

[usical sequences of Coney Island were conveniently shot at ifferent times, which permitted reuse of the materials. Gerrie oonan's costume consists of the wasp-waisted bodice of the iginal dress, and a ballet skirt made from the ruffles. Nellie oorhead of the wardrobe workroom puts on final touches

The brevity of Mary Scott's costume doesn't mean that the wardrobe has finally scrapped all other material. The producer wanted Mary that way. The plume is an extra added attraction, tossed in for purposes of confusion. Nobody will ever notice it

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

This is the final indignity for a once beautiful creation—when the gown is reduced to ribbons, there is enough left for these ruffly doodads on a chorus girl's shoe buckles. The directors of 20th Century-Fox will now give M. Hubert a vote of thanks for adding to the dividends

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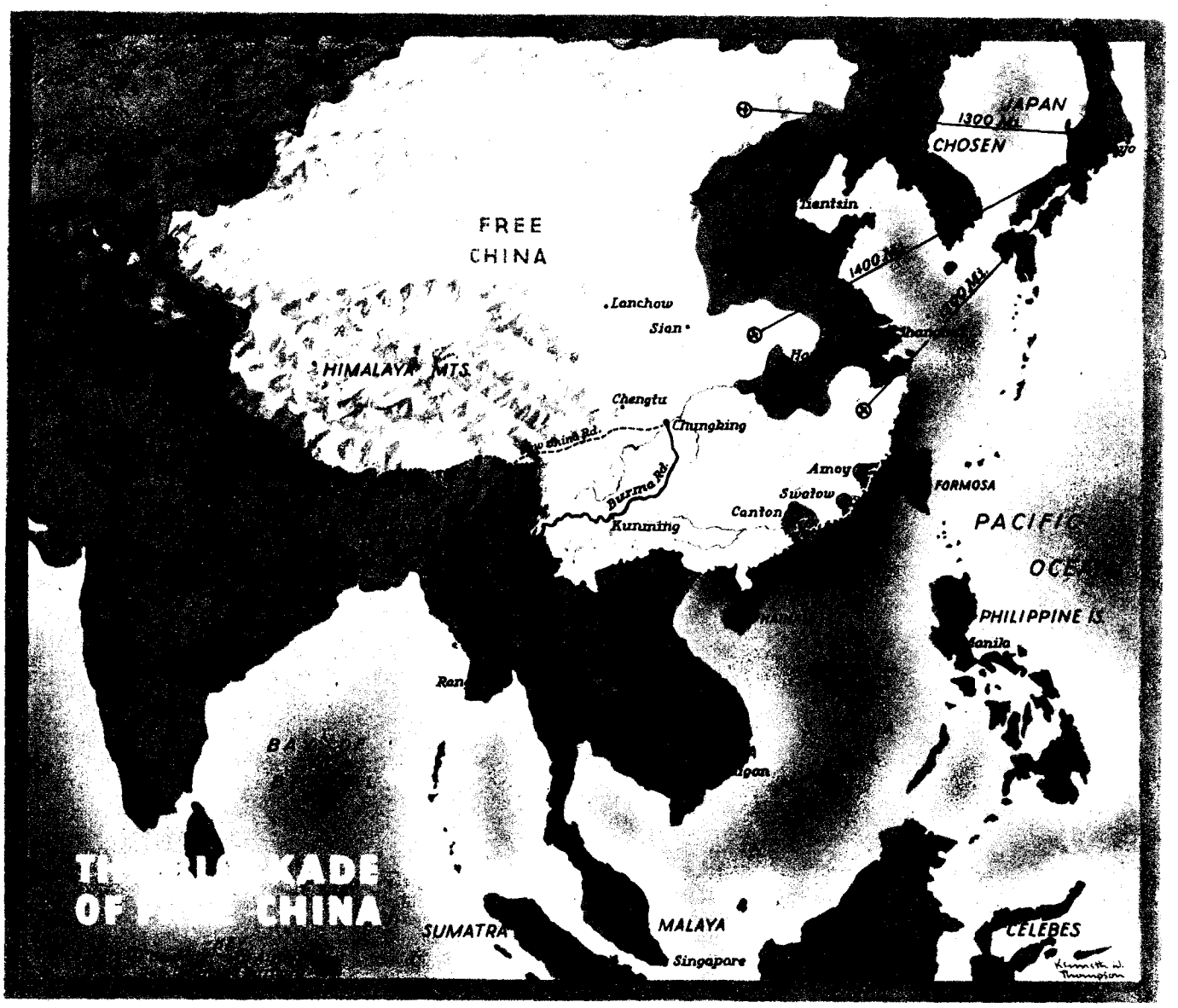
HOW WE CAN HELP CHINA FIGHT

By Donald R. Stevenson

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

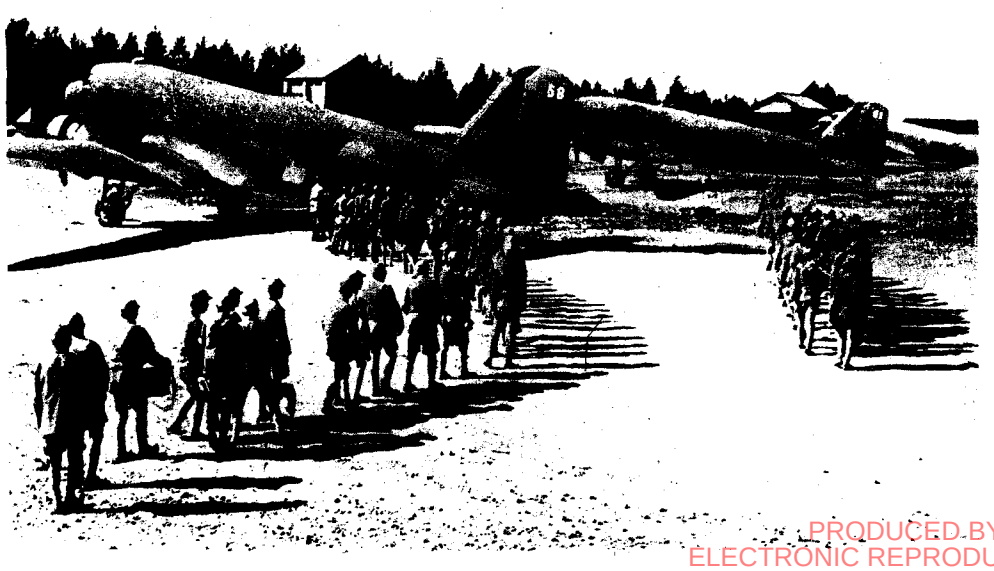
If China is knocked out of the war, the United Nations' cause will have suffered a major disaster. But China needn't be knocked out. A relatively tiny stream of the right kind of supplies would keep her fighting. Here's an appraisal of her needs and some common-sense suggestions for filling them, by an American who has been a Chinese government aviation expert for 15 years



THOMAS KWANG

The new road, already one third completed, over which supplies may eventually be moved to China. It will run from Sadiya, in northeast India, to Chungking. Much of it is being cut through the Himalayas by coolies working with their bare hands. Below, Chinese troops board American transport planes to be flown to combat areas

INTERNATIONAL



"It is in China that we shall eventually come to grips with the main portion of Japan's army, and it is from there that we shall have to bomb Japan"

WITH all the talk and writing about aid to China, the American public has seldom been given any concrete facts as to what our ally actually needs. The answer is planes, gasoline, spare parts for planes and trucks, all types of armament and ammunition, machine tools, parts for equipment now in use, and material for keeping factories going. That's not a long list when compared to what our other allies need and are getting. And only a pitifully small amount of these supplies would make all the difference in the world for China.

But even though China can do with less than the other United Nations, she can't do with as little as she has been getting so far under Lend-Lease. Just how little that has been was made clear by President Roosevelt's report to Congress on Lend-Lease operations for the period ended March 11, 1943. According to this report, the total amount of Lend-Lease materials transferred to our allies in two years was worth $7,831,000,000. Out of this, China has received $158,000,000 worth of goods and services—*only $17,000,000 more than the amount sent to New Zealand, and a fraction more than two per cent of the total received by all nations.*

What's more, China didn't even get all of that. According to the President's statement, almost fifty per cent of the supplies for China are still in India awaiting transport; and there are few materials in the world which can stand exposure to the Indian climate for several months without suffering serious deterioration.

The war in China can't be kept going at that rate. The Chinese have stood up six years against the Jap army which in a period of less than six months conquered all European-held territories in the Far East. The very fact that the Chinese have been fighting that long means that they are tired and may not be able to hold on.

Chinese morale during this war has been amazing. I can testify to that, for I have seen the Chinese fight back every step of the way from Shanghai to Nanking to Hankow to Chungking. So far, their morale hasn't shown any signs of cracking, but the time eventually comes when morale has to be given a lift with something more substantial than kind words and sympathy.

If planes and armament are not provided, China might have to pull out of the war. That is not probable, but still it must always be considered as a possibility. It is quite clear that the United States has more than a mere sentimental reason for giving aid to China; there are very practical reasons why that country must be kept in the war.

Final Phase of the Pacific War

It is generally agreed that the final phase of the Pacific war will have to be fought in China. It is there that we shall eventually come to grips with the main portion of Japan's army, and it is from there that we shall have to bomb Japan. While we are waiting for the right moment to accomplish those objectives, there is a great deal that can be done to prepare the ground by establishing bases in China from which the heart of the Japanese empire can later be bombed, by opening up lines of communication, closed because of lack of air strength, by preventing the Japs from further consolidating their positions in the territory they have conquered.

The belated recognition given to Brigadier General Chennault by his recent appointment as commander of the newly created 14th Air Force has been taken to indicate that air warfare against the Japs

(Continued on page 82)

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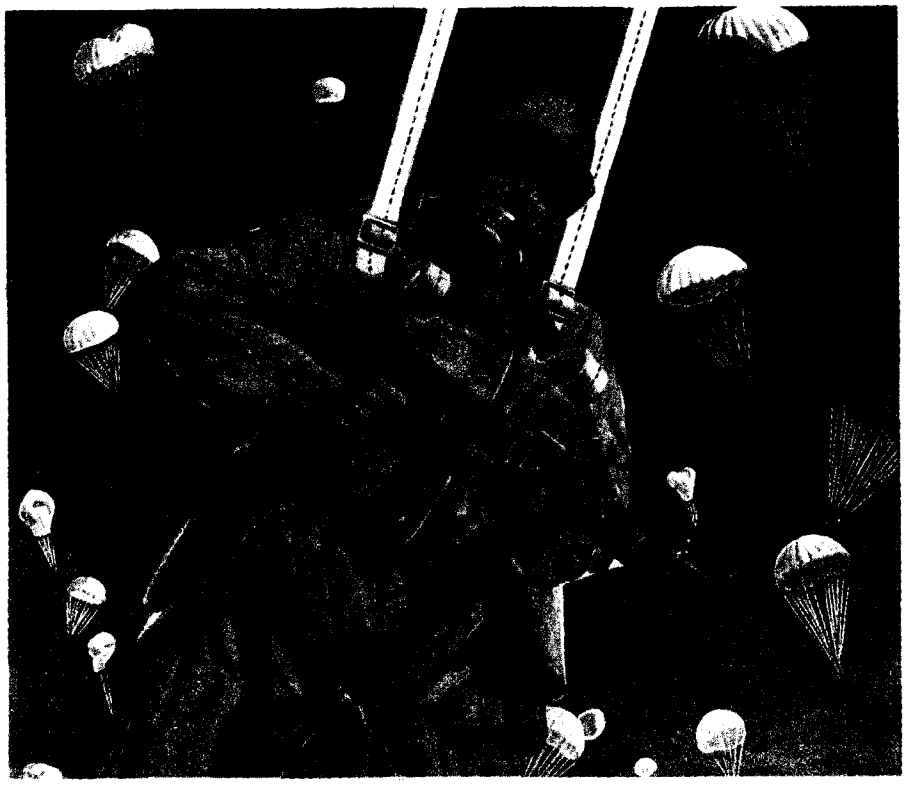
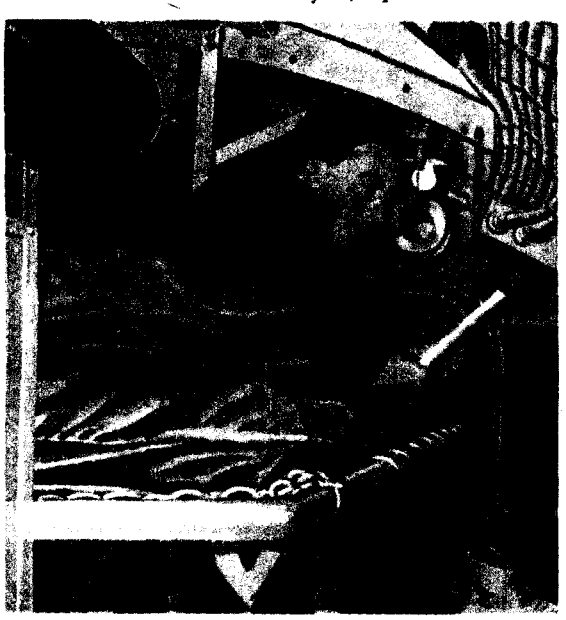


It's so Soft that America's parachute troops — today the best equipped in the world — use effective shock-absorber parachute seats made of cushiony **AIRFOAM.**

It's so Resilient that the battle helmets worn by America's hard-hitting, hard-fighting Navy are lined with **AIRFOAM** for maximum shock-protection.

It's so Restful that soldiers convalescing in many of America's hospitals are given scientific-support mattresses of **AIRFOAM.** So buoyant, it prevents bed sores. So sanitary, too — verminproof, easy to keep forever-clean.



It's so Light that some of America's submarines now use mattresses of **AIRFOAM,** for maximum comfort, minimum space in a submarine's crowded quarters.

It's so Luxurious — that many of America's crack trains have long since installed mattresses and seat cushions of smooth-riding, smooth-resting **AIRFOAM.**

What every woman should know about *Airfoam*

• Mainly: that **AIRFOAM** is the world's best name for blissful comfort.

• Technically: that **AIRFOAM** is a pure cellular latex product made only by Goodyear — whipped soft and smooth as an angel food cake.

• Domestically: that **AIRFOAM** makes the most sleep-inviting mattresses — the most restful furniture seat cushions that you ever hoped to rest upon.

• Patriotically: that **AIRFOAM** today is a war-worker-only — doing, among other things, the war jobs you see on this page.

• Practically: that a very little **AIRFOAM,** in furniture and mattresses from prewar stocks, remains in America's stores — that after Victory you will again be able to buy in any quantity you like the incomparable comfort, the indescribably restful ease of **AIRFOAM.**

AIRFOAM—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Airfoam

GOODYEAR

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GERANIUM FEVER

By Michael Drury

This romance began with a severe cold in the head and it rapidly became delirious

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSS

They got off the bus at the next corner and then ran up the street after the popcorn man

LIFE and Julie Drake were lower than sea level. They were so low they could have stood one on top of the other and walked under a rug without making a wrinkle. Things were bad.

Julie lay in bed and reminded herself that it was nine-thirty in the morning on Thursday and she was still in bed. That ought to have caused some small flicker of pleasure, but no joy fluttered in Julie's interior.

"I'b id a rut!" she sighed to herself, reaching down on the floor for another tissue. Mopping her nose, she rolled over and stared at the ceiling. It was a pale blue ceiling and it belonged to Kitty Fields along with the peach-wash walls and the white rugs and the lithographs and the rest of the apartment.

It wasn't, Julie thought analytically, that nothing ever happened to her. She had her share of unexpected aunts and losing her hat in the wind and catching the wrong train, but, being Julie, she always knew precisely what to do about all these things. Julie had a quality as poisonous to adventure as a time clock: Julie was efficient.

It wasn't the kind of efficiency that came from long practice of a smart girl using her head, either. Julie was just born that way, and she couldn't get inefficient no matter what she did. She could whiz serenely through the most impossible kind of a day and retain her poise. And when things got altogether too complex, even for her, and she gave up the ghost, it always turned out to be just the right thing to do. When she gave up in disgust, it always happened just at the moment when things began to pop anyway. When she wept, which wasn't often, it always had such a profound effect on those who saw her that they promptly did whatever she wanted them to. All of which only made Julie cry harder.

To make matters worse, Julie was tall and strong. You can get away with efficiency if you're tiny and delectable. Julie was five-nine without shoes which wasn't really too tall, but with life at its present ebb, she felt like a campanile.

It wasn't too tall for dates and Julie had plenty of them, but men were a great sorrow to her. They always confided in her and because she couldn't help it, Julie solved their problems for them. Last week she had tried keeping quiet when that nice young ensign had confided his woes. She would fix him, she thought; here was one time when she would not solve anything. So she patted his hand and said sweetly, "I'm sorry," without being sorry at all. The next day he sent her flowers with a card thanking her for doing just the right thing. She had made him think it out for himself, he said, and he'd decided to fly west and marry the girl right away. The *other* girl, of course, the one he had told Julie about. She sighed.

Men were a problem in themselves to begin with, and now the issue had been further confused by the war, for no girl with as much sense as Julie had let her heart get broken, professionally or otherwise, by a man in uniform.

JULIE was an assistant to Mr. Marks of K. L. Marks, Inc., Advertising, and she practically ran the business. It was there that she had met Kitty Fields, the young illustrator, who was fondly called "Daffy" by the whole office. Kitty could be efficient, too, when it suited her purposes, but Kitty was five-three and had striking black hair and could also be charmingly confused. Julie couldn't. It just wasn't in her.

Kitty had been sent to Maine on an assignment and she simply left a note on Julie's desk.

"The Maine coast beckons," she wrote. "Be an angel and park your toothbrush at my apartment for a couple of months. I can't break the lease. Kitty."

So yesterday, Julie had efficiently talked her own landlord out of his rent, because it seemed the least of several evils, and had moved over to Kitty's place. That explained why she was staring at a pale blue ceiling that belonged to another girl and, having moved in a pouring spring rain, it also explained why she had a cold and was lying in bed after nine on Thursday.

All things accounted for, Julie and life had just about reached rock bottom. Julie thought that if anything happened to bring them any lower, they'd come out in China. She was wondering if the Chinese would rate her as efficient, when the telephone rang.

She sat up, pushed her feet into soft, fleece-lined slippers and padded around looking for the phone. She found it on the floor between a stack of lithographs and a box of paints and it too was a pale blue. Julie picked the phone up and sniffed.

"Hello."

(Continued on page 61)

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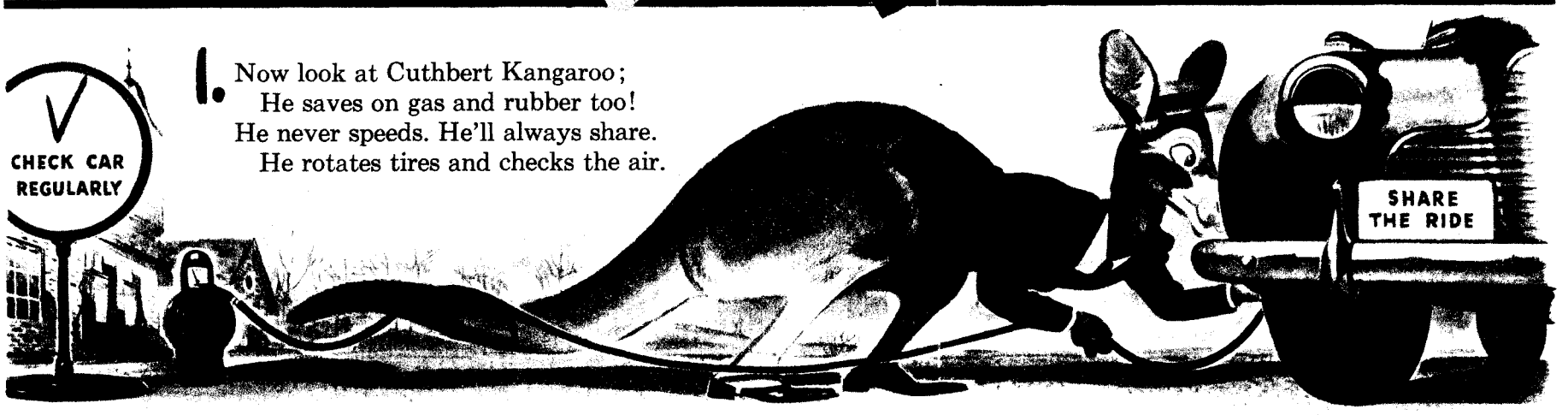
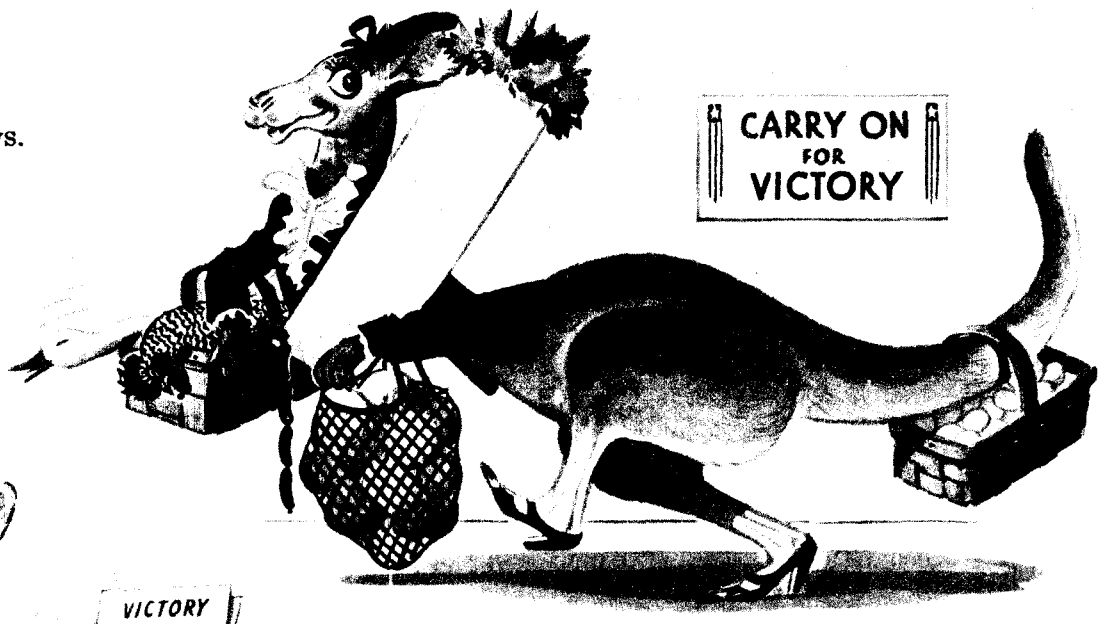
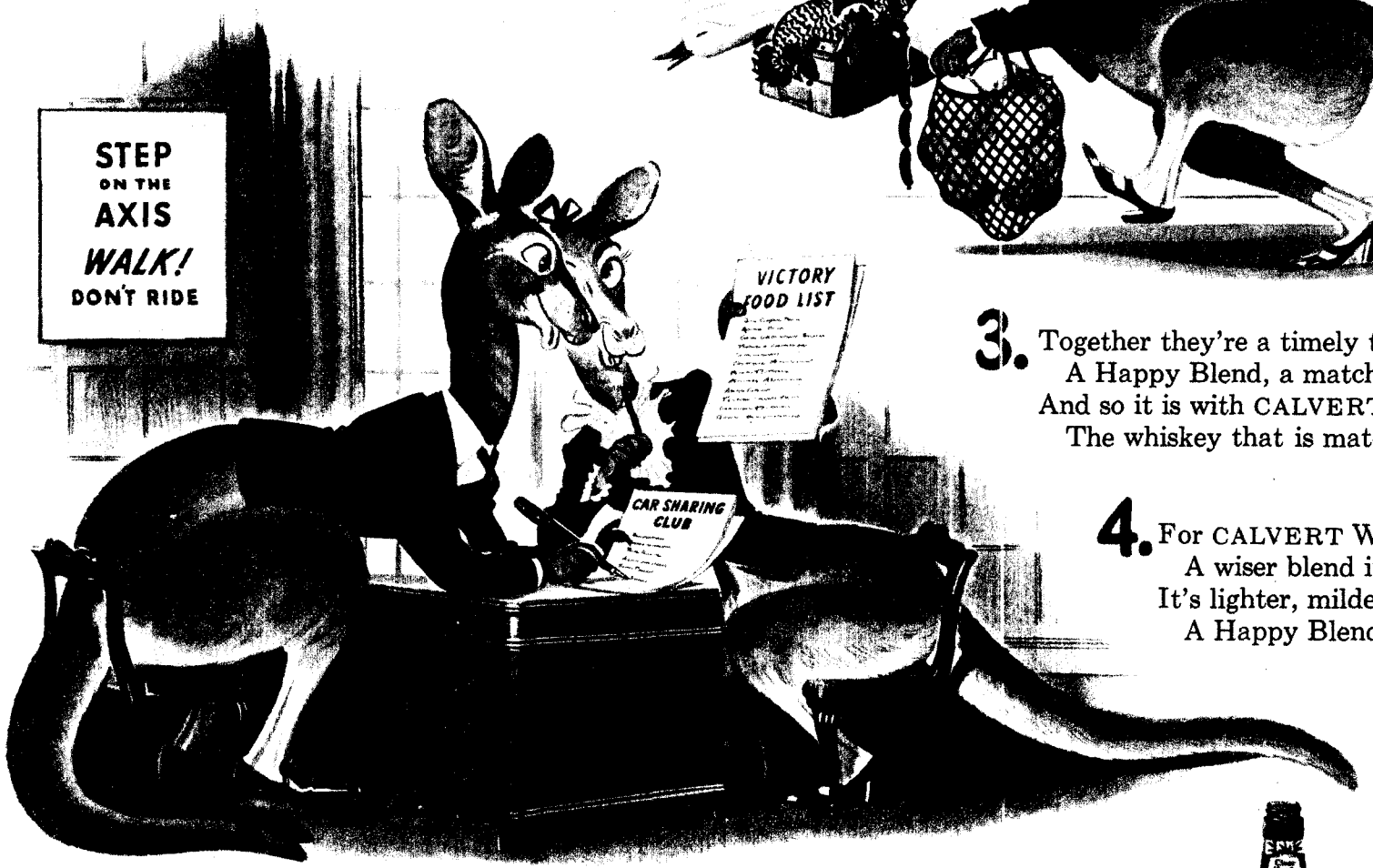
Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Now look at Cuthbert Kangaroo;
He saves on gas and rubber too!
He never speeds. He'll always share.
He rotates tires and checks the air.

2. Kathleen, his wife, is just as wise.
She carries home the things she buys.
She plans her trips and finds it pays
To shop just once for many days!





3. Together they're a timely team—
A Happy Blend, a match supreme.
And so it is with CALVERT, too,
The whiskey that is matched for you.

4. For CALVERT Whiskey suits today—
A wiser blend in every way.
It's lighter, milder, smoother, *right*—
A Happy Blend for you tonight!

BE WISE!

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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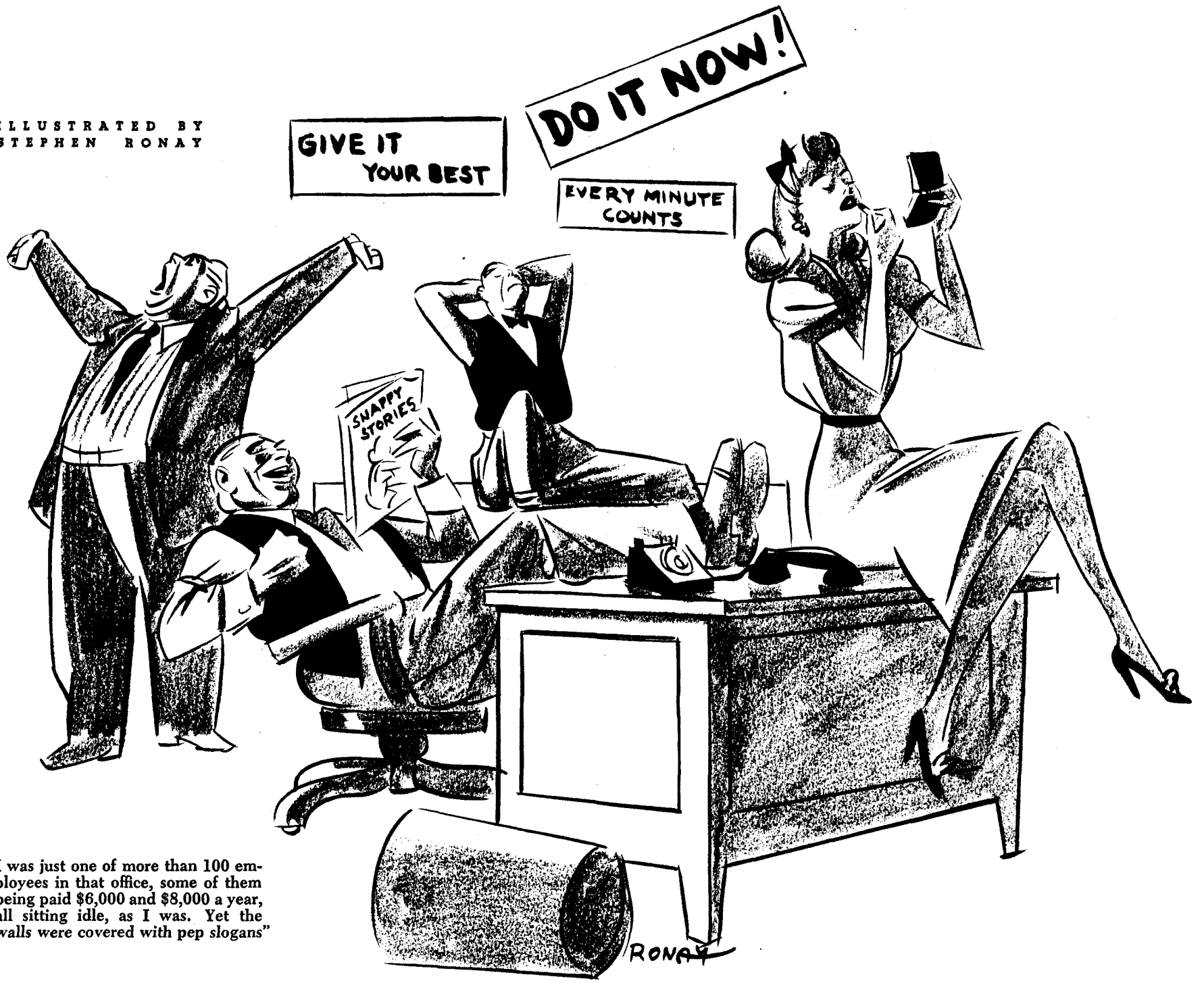
ILLUSTRATED BY
STEPHEN RONAY



"I was just one of more than 100 employees in that office, some of them being paid $6,000 and $8,000 a year, all sitting idle, as I was. Yet the walls were covered with pep slogans"

Civil Service Wonderland

By Robert Ramspeck

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM GEORGIA, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE CIVIL SERVICE COMMITTEE

While the squeeze in manpower grows steadily more acute, many government workers have nothing to do. And the civil servants themselves like it least of all

AS CHAIRMAN of the House Civil Service Committee, it is my job to look into this "chaos of bureaucratic Washington" you've been hearing about—to accumulate evidence about it and to suggest ways to make our government more efficient.

I hadn't gone far with the accumulation-of-evidence part of the job before some fantastic situations began coming to light. For example:

An official in an important agency in Washington recently reorganized his office, cutting his personnel from 23 to 6, and his annual budget from $800,000 to $200,000. He simultaneously increased the efficiency of his staff. He was told by one of his superiors however, that if he shaved off any more employees, it would indicate that his work wasn't very important and he would have his own salary cut!

One skilled punch-card machine operator says her entire group of experienced workers was suddenly set down at desks several weeks ago.

"We are still sitting there," she says, "while they train new girls to operate the machines."

The War Production Board decided a while ago to fire one hundred relatively low-grade employees. They had been recruited in a hurry for a special job, and had finished it. The Committee on Fair Employment Practices challenged the dismissals. So did an employees' union. The last time I checked, the idle hundred were still on the federal pay roll at $1,260 and $1,440 a year.

If these cases were exceptional, there would be no cause for alarm, but there are hundreds of similar cases involving thousands of workers.

Our government is probably the biggest single employer in the world. Its paid workers, exclusive of those in uniform, totaled 2,327,932 as of last July, or nearly three times the 917,760 employed at the wartime peak in 1918.

The great bulk of the men and women who run our government work hard, conscientiously and ably. Of course, no such gigantic pyramid of bureaus could possibly be thrown together in such extreme haste without some friction, some inefficiency, some waste, and a certain inescapable percentage of deadheads. But excuses don't win wars, and there is mounting evidence that governmental chaos, particularly in Washington, has reached the point where action is called for.

Big agencies which have outlived their usefulness should certainly be eliminated, but every agency should be obliged to pull itself into the tightest, most cohesive organization possible. There should not be one single person drawing taxpayers' money who isn't essential to the war and the government. If the agencies won't voluntarily strip themselves of deadwood—and we have little reason to hope they will—then Congress will have to do the job. Our investigation is planned to furnish the basic information necessary to such streamlining, regardless of who does it.

My committee's files hold an abundance of charges of waste and unnecessary employees and inefficiency. The charges are contained in letters from outraged citizens and from federal employees themselves, who are patriotically unhappy over their plight. Some of these charges I have verified, others I have not, but all have a ring of authenticity.

Many employees say they don't earn their salaries. "Once or twice a month," one young girl in the War Department wrote, "we are told to look busy because the general is making an inspection." Dozens of notes tell of manufactured work, of deliberate delays so that work will be piled up when officials come through. These are from people in the War and Navy departments and the War Production Board, where speed and efficiency are essential.

Here is a typical letter:

"Foolishly, I was talked into going to the WPB. In the one month I was there, I took no more than five memos from the chief of the bureau and two days' dictation from his assistant. The rest of my time was spent sitting, sitting and sitting, and reading and writing personal letters, talking to other idle employees and sneaking out for a cigarette. I went nuts. I begged for work, but 'the boss' was never there, it seemed. He may have been doing something quite constructive for the war effort, for all I know. I never saw him. But the

(Continued on page 60)

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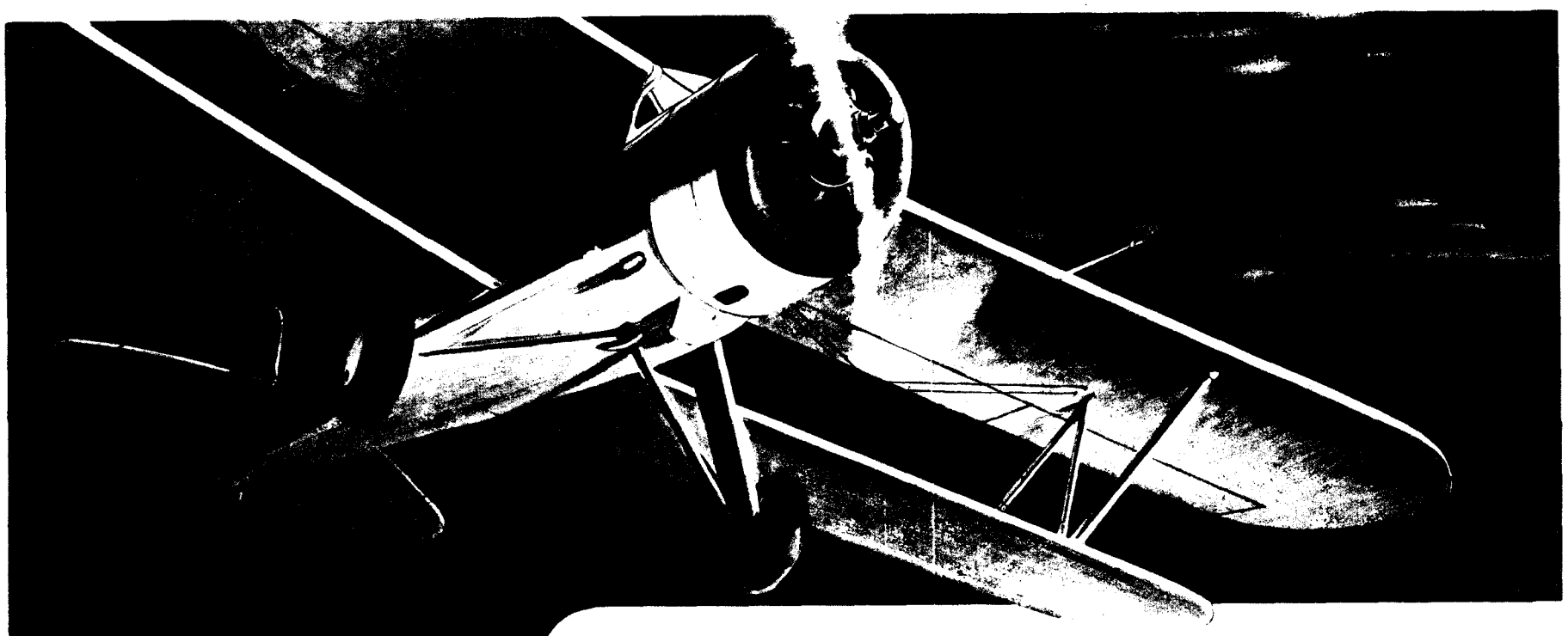


Gas Low at Night,

LEARADIO SHOWS WAY HOME!

"We could always depend on the Learadio Compass to show us the way home . . . the shortest route",

. . . says A. F. (DUKE) KRANTZ

for many years Chief Pilot of the New York Daily NEWS Photographic Department.

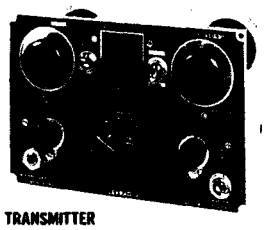
ONE OF MR. KRANTZ'S many famous flights took place on the afternoon of September 12, 1939, when he flew 250 miles out to sea and brought back the first pictures of the tiny freighter "City of Flint", which was carrying 816 survivors of the British steamer Athenia, torpedoed by a German submarine. On returning that night, Krantz had gasoline left for only 15 minutes flying time when he landed.

He says, "I have specified Learadio equipment for my planes for the last ten years, because in such flights as we made searching for Dick Merrill and Harry Richman, Trans-Atlantic flyers, whom we found in Newfoundland, and in our flight 250 miles out to sea to find the 'City of Flint', the Learadio Direction Finder Compass was invaluable in bringing us back direct to our base when gas was getting low and at night."

Major Alexander P. deSeversky, Colonel Roscoe Turner, Clyde Pangborn, Major Al Williams, Bob Hall, and other famous pilots use Learadio in their planes. Known as the "pilot's preference", Learadio is now standard equipment on the better known aircraft, including Grumman Amphibians, Wacos, Fairchilds, Cessnas, and most civilian and air cadet pilot training aircraft and itinerant types used in service of the armed forces.

* * *

Automatic electrical and mechanical controls of Lear-origin are incorporated in aircraft manufactured by: Consolidated, Vultee, North American, Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, Beech, Curtiss-Wright, Grumman, Northrop, and subcontractors: Ford, General Motors, Bellanca, Eastern, Nash-Kelvinator.

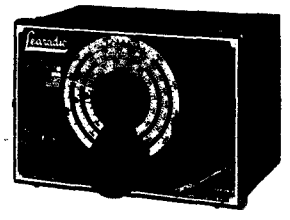


TRANSMITTER

T-30 RCBB transmitter-receiver is an extremely efficient and dependable 2-way aircraft communication system. It's the "*pilot's preference*" because every flying need has been foreseen and every installation problem solved in advance — everything is at the pilot's finger tips.

- ★ Powerful 2-frequency crystal controlled transmitter (2900 KC to 6500 KC).
- ★ Telephone and telegraph emission approx. 20 watts output.
- ★ Three Band receiver — radio ranges (180 KC to 405 KC) broadcast (500 KC to 1200 KC) airway communications (2800 to 6700 KC).

For "three-way radio", the receiver includes new provision for operating from both the conventional antennae and the famous light-weight Learadio loop providing static-free reception or aural-null direction finding. *(Approved type for C.P.T. Training.)*



RECEIVER

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Fea

By Daniel P. Mannix

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

A male and female pato buso, appropriately named Mr. and Mrs. Izaak Walton, preparing to take off on a fishing expedition. The collars around their necks were placed there by the author to keep the birds from swallowing the fish they catch. The patos don't think much of the idea

Ever hear of the pato buso? He's a little, streamlined, goblinlike bird, and a mighty fisherman. Put a collar around his neck so he can't swallow what he catches, and he'll keep you in fish. But look out for his rapier-sharp beak

I FIRST made the acquaintance of the patos busos while my wife and I were sitting in a bird blind on an island in the middle of a lagoon in southwest Mexico. We had come to Mexico to photograph the native bird life, particularly the patos, and the palm-leaf blind was supposed to conceal us from their eyes. Actually, the patos seemed to know more about the blind than we did. They sent a task force over to investigate, and the scouts sat on the roof and peered down through the cracks at us.

The pato buso or diving duck, as the Mexican Indians call him, is one of the most curious, goblinlike birds in the world. He is probably the most perfectly equipped piece of mechanism nature ever turned out for fishing. His capsule-shaped body offers about as much resistance to the water as a torpedo would. His engines consist of two enormous webbed feet which do their kicking well underneath and to the rear of his body. His rudder is an amazingly long, supple tail which opens and closes like a fan, depending on whether the bird wants to turn right or left or go full speed ahead.

At the other end of him is a thin, rapier beak mounted at the end of a neck as long as all the rest of him put together. This neck turns and twists like a snake and for that reason the patos are called snakebirds in the southern part of the United States.

While watching the patos fishing away busily, I began to wonder if it wouldn't be possible to trap a couple of birds and teach them to fish for us—as falconers train hawks to hunt. The patos roosted for the night in the mango trees that grew along the borders of the lagoon, and I thought that with the aid of a jack light I might be able to slip a noose at one end of a bamboo pole over a pato's long neck while the bird was dazed by the light.

So I returned to the lagoon a few days later with no less a companion than Mr. John Topping, the American vice-consul, who was stationed at Acapulco where my wife and I had our headquarters. At first, the natives refused to take us out, arguing that as patos busos weren't edible, we were crazy to want any. Finally we got two boys to go.

The brilliant yellow tropical moon set early that evening, leaving the night as black as a photographic darkroom and the lagoon swimming under our canoe like a pool of ink. The canoe slipped along through tunnels walled by the long, brown, ropelike roots of the mango.

John and I skipped our lights along the green ridge of the low mango trees. Suddenly a brownish-white form showed on top of the green. The paddler checked the canoe and we focused our lights on it. It was a big, powerful pato with a triangular white frontpiece that showed up like a flying jib in the light, and a neck that twisted about like a young boa constrictor.

John lifted our bamboo pole with the running noose at the end and raised it slowly toward the bird. The top of the pole towered gradually upward among the mangoes. We could see the tiny circle of the noose clinging to the top. For a moment the pole hung motionless and then swayed forward. There was an explosion of flapping wings, a wildly waving neck, and the pato was caught.

Bird and pole came sweeping over the mango tops in a long arc toward us. John and I both grabbed for the pato, nearly upsetting the canoe. In a few minutes we were as badly scratched as though we had grappled with a wildcat. At first, I could not imagine how a web-footed bird could scratch, but by the light of the torch, I saw that the pato was equipped with powerful claws at the end of his webbed feet.

Strike One for Pato

Later, we caught two more patos and returned to Acapulco laden with our catch. As we ran down the steps to our cottage, Jule, my wife, ran out to see what luck we'd had. Forgetting caution, I held out my pato triumphantly.

"Look what we caught!" I shouted.

Bam! Suddenly the world went black. I sank down on the steps, sick with the pain in my right eye. Blood and tears dripped down my cheeks together. Jule screamed. John hastily put his bird in a room and ran to me. He rolled back my eyelid while I gasped with agony.

Afterward, he told us he thought the eye was gone, for the long beak of the pato had punctured it like a thin, sharp knife. It was two weeks before I could see out of the eye again, and then for a long time the world was covered with a film. After that, Jule and I wore goggles while we were training the birds.

The first part of the training consisted in teaching them to wear little red leather collars, complete with miniature buckles which we had made to go around their necks. They could swallow a fish down to the collar but no farther, and it was our idea that after they found they couldn't handle a fish alone, they would learn to come to us for help.

As soon as they became tame, we took them fishing for the first time, in a little bay lined with rocks where there always seemed to be conventions of little silver fish swimming briskly around. The patos had always lived on their fresh-water lagoon and the first time they dived into the salt water they came up spitting and shaking their heads, obviously disliking the taste of the salt. For a while after that, they swam around indignantly. Then a little school of fish dashed under the biggest pato like a silver ribbon. The pato looked down as if to say, "Do I really see fish in this curious water?"

The second time the fish went by, he was ready for them. With one powerful stroke of his webbed feet the pato shot under water. We could see his streamlined body flash through the clear water, his long neck dancing back and forth as he followed the movements of the fish. Then he struck one so hard that he put the lower mandible of his beak right through it. With the fish harpooned on his beak, he swam over to some rocks and, climbing up on them, prepared to dispose of his prey.

The pato balanced the struggling fish for a moment like a trained seal juggling a ball. Then he expertly flipped it into the air and caught it by the head. A single gulp, and the fish was only a bulge in the pato's neck. It was like watching an ostrich eat an orange. One more gulp finished the business, and the pato went back after another fish.

When the pato seemed to be used to the

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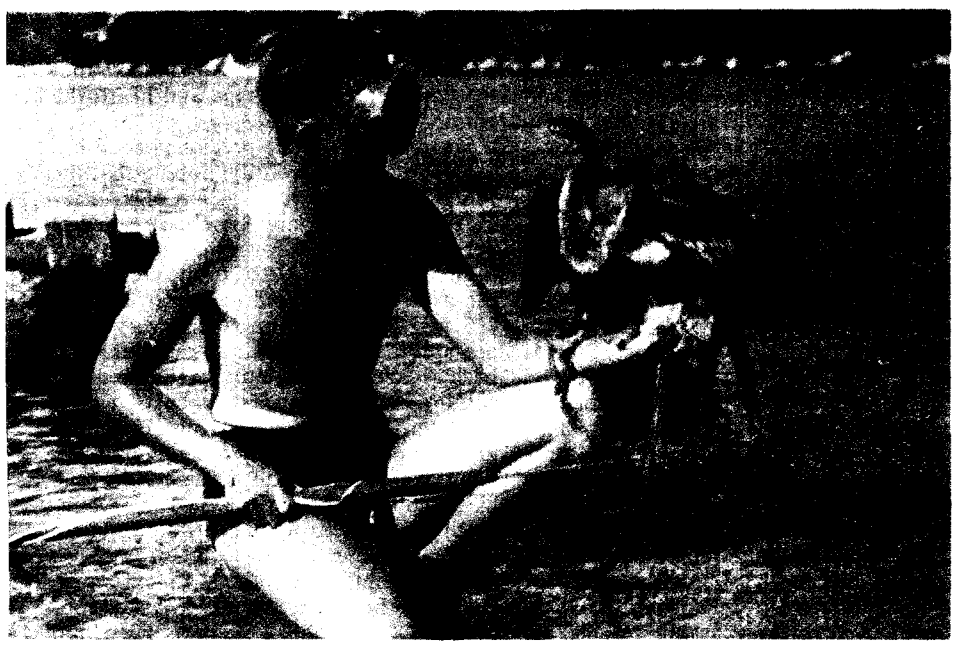

The author, wearing his goggle-diving apparatus, and his two helpers, who need no extra equipment. Above, Jule Mannix and a native boatman watch the patos dry their feathers on the outrigger after a day's work

salt-water fishing, we put on their collars and started them out again. The patos were rather annoyed by the interruption and stamped back to the water muttering to themselves. They had worked out a technique of chasing the fish up little channels among the rocks and, as these channels invariably came to dead ends, they nearly always caught their quarry at the finish. One of the patos caught a fish almost instantly and climbed out on the rocks to enjoy it.

He swallowed his catch down to the collar. Then an expression of utter astonishment came across his face. He swallowed again, but the fish couldn't pass the collar. The pato craned his head around, so he could look down his neck, and tried again. Still no luck. Then he stretched his neck out long and thin and made another attempt. The collar was still in the way. The pato folded up his neck as well as he could and sat for a moment in thought. Next, he suddenly made a quick swallow, hoping to catch the collar offguard. The collar outwitted him. Finally he disgorged the fish, tossed it around a few times and tried swallowing it again. The collar was still there.

Jule now prepared to interfere. She grabbed the pato around the neck and tried to get the fish out of his throat pouch. What followed was strongly suggestive of the encounter between Sinbad the Sailor and the Roc. But when the dust had settled, the pato still had the fish, and all Jule had were several bites.

As time went on, the patos got more used to being handled, and finally all we had to do was to stroke a bird's neck gently, urge the collar up a little, and the pato would obligingly open his beak, revealing the tail of a fish rising slowly upward like a fat lady coming up in an escalator.

With the patos definitely launched, so to speak, we borrowed a canoe with long, graceful outriggers, a stern like a Chinese junk and a prow like a swordfish. The patos took to it at once. They rode around on the outrigger, admiring the view, and keeping a lookout for fish.

Hunting with the patos was like falconry in fairyland. Jule and I wore glass diving masks, invented by goggle divers to enable them to see under water. Without them, even in the clear water of Acapulco, swimming under water is swimming through a blur shot through with colors and the flicker of passing fish. With them, everything suddenly springs into focus.

Looking up with our goggles, we could see the webbed, yellow feet of the patos swimming back and forth on the surface, sending out ripples as their black bodies glided through the water. Every now and then, one of the birds would suddenly thrust his long neck below the surface of the water for a look around. We would try to scare the fish up toward the patos, usually succeeding just as the birds pulled their necks up again. But sometimes the patos would be ready and shoot down to meet the fish.

The fish would be off in a flicker of light, turning and twisting as only a fish can. A few unwisely tried to outswim the patos in a straightaway dash, but the birds overtook them within a few feet. To see a bird challenge a fish in the latter's own element and actually swim it down was one of the most amazing sights I have ever seen.

Perils of the Deep

Not that the patos always won. Often, especially if the fish was a very small one, it would outdodge the bird. A little fish could turn in a much smaller space than the pato, and some would go spiraling down through the water, turning in a lesser circle every time, while the bird strove desperately to follow. The biggest pato would turn so fast and so hard that he made the water swirl around him as he wrenched around trying to follow the spiral of the fish.

A few days later, while swimming with the patos, I noticed a curious mass of what seemed to be a ropelike seaweed on the sandy bottom. I swam down and saw that it was a baby octopus out walking. The waving tentacles gave somewhat the impression of seaweed.

I looked around to see if mother or big brother was in the neighborhood, and just then one of the patos came shooting down to investigate.

He went straight for the octopus, and I thought I was about to see the battle of the century. But at the last minute the pato changed his mind and circled around the weird little creature. Then the other pato came charging down, leaving a wake of bubbles churning up toward the surface. He shot directly at the octopus, obviously preparing to slip him the old one-two.

By this time the octopus was alarmed and promptly slipped the bird the old one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-and-eight, with his full set of tentacles. There was a mighty explosion of sand, bubbles and bird.

Then the octopus shot away, throwing out ink like an infuriated fountain pen. The pato hurriedly returned to the surface, and it was days before we could persuade him to try deep-sea fishing again.

Patos have fortunately and very rightly escaped the occasional hysterical mania to shoot all fish-eating birds that strikes some backward fishing societies. In a wild state, the patos live almost exclusively on frogs, small snakes, lizards and little fish like suckers and minnows. ★★★

The pato flips his fish into the air and swallows it headfirst. On this occasion he was disappointed, because Jule Mannix compelled him to disgorge by working the collar up the bird's neck

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When she cuts you off like this...

Instead of hanging on like this...

TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.

Our soldiers, sailors, and marines enjoy LIFE SAVERS, too, and are ordering more of them every day. So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor, we know you won't complain.

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 24

"The lieutenant's managed a day at least," answered Pam happily.

"Shall I bring your breakfast soon?"

"In half an hour, please."

"What would you like this morning?"

"What can I have?"

"I'll have a look downstairs," he said.

When he was gone she drank the tea hastily and got up at once. Her room was on the second floor and not far below she could see the London street geared for wartime, with its sign S pointing toward a shelter, with old sandbags piled against the base of a building, and the cavity where a structure had been destroyed making the street look as if it had a missing tooth. The crater made by the blitz had been filled with water as a reservoir against possible future emergencies of fire, and the morning sun shone down upon it, giving it as blue a luster as sunlight could have lent to any little country pond.

KIP hadn't told her much. But his answer to her telegram lay open on the desk in her sitting room, verifying everything she wanted to know.

Shall be there at one o'clock good for you love Kip.

So he was alive, still in England, proud that she had come, and he loved her. It was all in the message.

She put on her gayest clothes, the only bright ones she had been able to bring in her scant flying luggage, a yellow woolen coat and skirt. The waiter, returning with her breakfast, admired her greatly and she knew it. He had brought a pot of coffee and a rack of toast and a big covered silver platter. Lifting the lid, he declared gravely, "Very fortunately there was bacon this morning, miss."

It was a very small rasher of bacon, but Pamela shared his respect and enthusiasm for it.

"It's wonderful. Thank you so much," she said gratefully and was just about to begin her breakfast and open the newspapers when a very small boy, as young for his work in the hotel as the waiter was old, brought in some letters for her.

There were three. One was a notification that an arrangement had already been made for her to visit some factories in the Midlands in the early part of the following week. One was a note of welcome from a woman member of Parliament, so Pam judged that Miss Denham had been busy advertising her coming. The third note was more unexpected. It was only a few brief lines written on blue notepaper that was crossed at the top by a crest and a country address:

"Dear Miss Neill: Kip Galloway says you've just arrived from the States. Can't you come to us for the week end? He'll bring you down this afternoon if you will. Yours, Eve Kennedy."

How exceedingly nice of her! was Pam's first thought. It was an exciting invitation, for Eve Kennedy was almost a famous personage, and its abrupt tone did not surprise Pamela for she knew how quickly the British went to the point in extending hospitality.

She read it again. It seemed as if Kip and Eve Kennedy must have talked this over, since it was arranged that he would bring her. He had probably said that it was up to Pam to accept or refuse. Would he want to go down to Kent or was he leaving it to her to get out of going? Pam hoped that the latter was true, for she wanted Kip to herself this week end. That was why she had taken a sitting room, as well as a bedroom, so that they would have a place to sit and talk, so he could make himself at home. He probably wouldn't have much free time and she wanted all there was.

In any case, the invitation might not mean very much. It was probably only a courtesy that would be extended almost automatically, if an American officer said that the girl to whom he was engaged was arriving in England. He had been talking about her, that was clear.

At one o'clock he'd be here. That was a long way off but there were plenty of things to be done before then. She must get started this morning on the interviews that lay ahead, the calls at the ministries. The newspapers still lay by her plate. She opened the Times. The news was good. And bad. The raid of night before last was the largest to date and had been successful. But nineteen planes had failed to return.

That was so much more actual now that she had seen the wreckage and heard the guns.

She didn't finish the precious bacon but covered it again carefully, hoping that the waiter would get what was left of it. Taking up her purse and notebook she left her room and went down the big dim corridors that were carpeted to the edges, and the wide stairs that led to the foyer.

Scars of destruction were everywhere outside, ragged walls where buildings had been wrecked, ghost churches burned out within, shop windows stripped of everything but their golden lettering. But every time she passed men or women in uniform none of that seemed to matter. Everyone had a look of having reached a new intensity and power of concentration. There were no loiterers.

The secretary of the Ministry who talked to her that morning was disconcerted by her youth. She could see him glance down at the letters before him, which undoubtedly concerned her, and she knew that she appeared older and more responsible on paper than in full view.

"You know Mr. Hayes?" he asked, at length. "Personally?"

"Yes. He helped me to come over."

"He must be an extraordinary man. An industrial genius."

SOMEHOW she had not thought of Jerome Hayes as a genius. Strange how different people looked at a distance. She must tell Alec.

"We want to do everything we can for you, Miss Neill. You have your appointments for next week, I understand. Are you comfortable? Well taken care of?"

She looked quickly at her watch. "Very well."

"I hope our battered city doesn't depress you."

"It just proves what we have to do to stop such things."

"That's quite right."

"I've a friend who's said for a long time that the only answer is that civilized people must control bombers, be the best bombers."

"Is he in the service?"

"No. He makes them. He improves them all the time." She suddenly said almost defensively, "Somebody's got to do that part of it!"

The secretary said she was absolutely right. So there was no reason to explain anything more about Alec. But Pam felt vaguely that she hadn't done him justice.

She had made several calls in the morning and had to hurry back to the hotel. The foyer and cocktail room were no longer empty. People were crowding in for lunch. Most of the men were in uniform and so were many of the girls and women. The others wore what they pleased, with no pretense of a common fashion. A scarf over the head, a pull-over jersey, a cotton dress—it didn't seem to matter at all. But they stared at Pam with interest.

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Her eyes searched the groups for Kip. He was not there. A man's shoulders looked like his and she took a step in that direction. But the airman turned and Pam's heart turned over, for his face had been repaired. What had it been like before? Did such things often happen?

"Well, what do you know?" asked Kip behind her. He held out both hands as she whirled on him; he gave her a polite, public kiss. "What a girl you turned out to be! So you flew over. I didn't believe it at first. How did you put that over and on what fellow?"

"It's a very secret mission."

"Didn't you just come to see me?"

"They don't give passports for that."

"That's where they're all wrong. You look more beautiful than ever."

"You look awfully well, Kip!"

HE DID look well, as if he were all muscle and energy. He wasn't harmed, or changed. Or was he? He seemed to have that intensity and concentration she had seen in other faces, as if they were used to stress and danger, as if they rather enjoyed it.

"Say—did you get a letter this morning, Pam?"

"Quite a few."

"Did you get one from Eve Kennedy?"

"Yes. Wasn't it decent of her to ask me down?"

"You'll be crazy about that place. It's really something."

"You want me to go?"

"Oh, sure. Why not?"

"I don't know. I thought you might rather stay in town."

"No, this will work out just fine. I'm stationed pretty close to there, you know."

"I see. And you're on leave this week end, aren't you?"

"I guess it's coming to me," he said, and the concentration in his face grew greater, made him almost grim. "I've put in my time this week. And got results."

She remembered instantly the raid night before last.

"Were you . . ." she began, but he interrupted.

"Darling, I'm here with you. Good girls don't ask questions. Come on, let's have some lunch and make some plans. It's no use looking at the menu. Any chicken left, waiter? No, I didn't think so with all the colonels around. Bring us the other thing. What kind of flight did you have, Pam?"

"Fine. Good weather all the way."

"You weren't delayed anywhere?"

"No. Were you?"

"We had a tough trip," he said. "We ran into the craziest weather for that time of year. We were hung up in Newfoundland for twenty-four hours. That's where Eve and I got acquainted."

"Tell me what happened."

"We were just stuck there. I'd thought up to then that she was pretty poisonous. I had breakfast across from her that morning and she just barely let me pass her the salt. Then we were stranded in that place. Not a thing to do, after you'd walked up and down the town street, and that wasn't even graded. There was a hotel that wasn't much more than a boardinghouse. She'd been very chummy with a big shot on the plane, but he was oldish and tired out and wanted to sleep most of the time. So she read a book. And then another book. And finally I said to her, just for something to say, 'You're going to hurt your eyes.' That broke the ice."

"Then what did you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. She's a lot of fun, that girl. You don't get her at the start." He paused on that remark, thinking it over and came back to Pam: "You'll like her."

"I don't know why not," said Pam agreeably.

"You're a very pretty girl," he told her. "I'm going to give them a treat."

"Who's 'them'?"

"You never know until you get down there."

"Will I really do all right?"

"Do? You know, Pam, things have hap-

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS

"Quiet, Butch; you want to get th' guy in trouble with his wife?"

COLLIER'S

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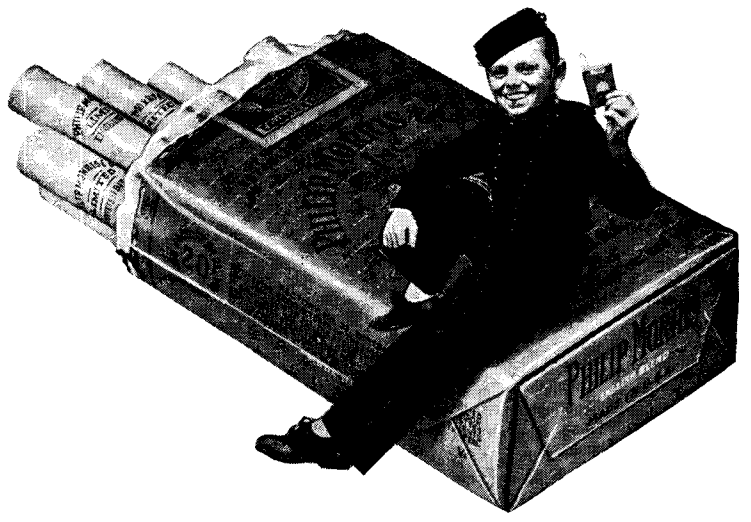
*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



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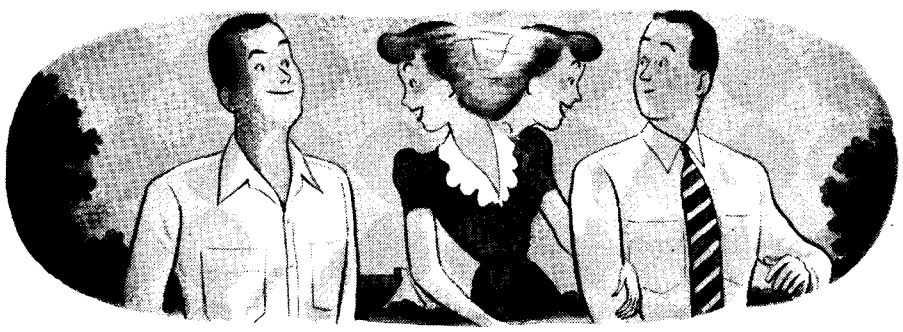

a two-faced woman?

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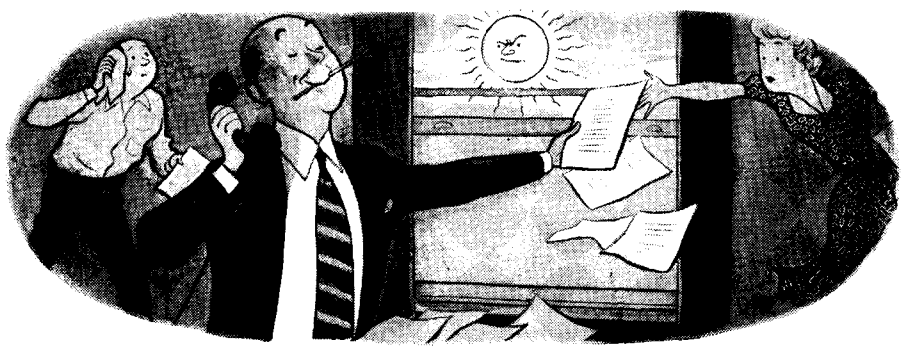
Rings the bell with all sorts of men—day in, day out! Arrow Sport Shirts come in sheer, cucumber-cool fabrics; in a magnificent range of summer shades. All are carefully tailored of tested, long-wearing fabrics. *Buy some*, and put Old Sol's nose out of joint!



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pened so fast"— his face tightened again—"so fast that I'd almost forgotten."

"Me?"

"No, not you. Just the way a man feels when he's with a certain girl."

"You've been seeing Eve Kennedy."

"It's different."

"You're changed rather, Kip."

"Me? I'm just the same old gangster. Tell me about everything. How's Alec?"

"He's grand. He always is."

"Has he married Jinx yet?"

"Married Jinx? Why on earth should he?"

"Oh, I thought he was a little smitten the last time we were out with him. That night in New York."

"He'd never marry her. They haven't a thing in common."

"Maybe that's not what he's looking for. You don't understand Alec. I've been around with him a good deal and he likes his fun. He likes a little bit of love as well as anyone."

"But not Jinx—no, that wouldn't do. I wouldn't have that."

"You wouldn't have much to say about it if he took a notion," said Kip, laughing. "But I guess it takes a man to appreciate Jinx, at that."

"I'M NOT worrying about Alec anyway," said Pam, "and I think he's doing wonderful work. Jerome Hayes is keen about him. He's pushing him right along."

"The old tycoon's getting a lot of publicity even over here. I guess he's delivering even if some of it sticks to his fingers."

"I don't believe it does. He's a real person. He was the person who got me this trip over here. I'm visiting production plants really. You're just my week end."

"Just your week end. Well, we'll have to see what we can do about that. We can get a train down about two-thirty. It's a good train. I've taken it before."

"How long do we stay?"

"Till they put us out. I can't come back with you, of course. But you won't have to leave before Sunday afternoon."

"I have to be in the Midlands Monday afternoon or evening. Because my first trip to the factories begins on Tuesday."

"That will work out just right. We have two whole days," he said. He showed no interest in what her inspection of plants might involve. But Kip had always been indifferent to her work, never taking it too seriously. He had treated her, from the first, as a girl, not as a success, and secretly she had liked the way he brushed aside everything about her but her beauty and her desirability. She liked it now. He gave her an odd feeling that he regarded this week end as a glorified date, not a reunion between a man and the girl he was going to marry. Yet his delight in seeing her, his pride in her, his anticipation of their time together, were so obvious that he swung her into his own mood.

"Have you any idea how long you'll be in England, Kip?"

"No idea of how long I'll be anywhere, including on earth," he answered cheerfully, almost carelessly.

Whether he knew it or not, the past weeks had put a mark on him. The restlessness and impatience that had been so obvious while he waited to be sent abroad were gone. Something was satisfying him, though there was no relaxation in his manner, and his vitality seemed to be supercharged. His very gaiety was different. It was not so boyish as it had been.

They had luck on the way down to Kent. He found two seats in a first-class carriage and pushed up the little arm rest between them so that they could sit close to each other. Pam felt oddly, of him and of this place where they were going and of their hostess. She wished they hadn't come.

"How old is Eve Kennedy?" she asked suddenly.

"Eve? I'd say about twenty-five or twenty-six. She's crammed a lot into her time. Seen everything, knows everything. And just the same, in some ways, she's nothing but a lonesome girl."

"She's got tremendous talent, so everyone says."

"I suppose so." He was as indifferent to that as he was to Pam's work.

"Was she very much in love with her husband?"

"She's never said. He's been dead more than two years, you know."

The train clattered on through the suburbs and finally into the country. There were sheep in the fields and old red brick houses occasionally in the distance.

"It looks so amazingly peaceful," said Pam, "for a country at war."

"They seem to have missed a few sheep," answered Kip.

"Has this place where we're going to stay been raided?"

"The village close by was blown to bits last year. And the coast isn't far and took quite a beating. It's quiet enough now. Their house itself, Kirkstone it's called, wasn't touched. It was full of evacuees for a while, but they've been settled back into the village now. They like it better."

"Is it a big house?"

"Plenty big. Her family's been the dominant sort, you know."

"I've read about her. Hasn't she a title she doesn't use?"

"I never got that straight," said Kip. "Her father has a title. He's a great old boy. And I think there was a lot of money from the look of the setup. Eve says the sheriff will catch up with them right after the war, when he has time. They're all like that over here, pretty causal. But the place is certainly worth seeing. While it lasts."

Pamela's first glimpse of it convinced her of that. There was a small car waiting for them at the railway station, and Kip went toward it as a matter of course, feeling for the keys in a side pocket.

"Eve said she'd get this over here for us."

"What if we hadn't come?"

"She could have come over on a bike and picked it up. But I told her we'd be pretty sure to turn up."

IT WAS a small ancient village. Pam saw the boards in the church windows as they passed it. There were piles of broken bricks and an old man pottered about among them. But it was not deserted. Children were playing behind some of the little cottages, and the doors of small shops stood open. There were soldiers in the streets and Kip's arm went up in constant salutes.

But as they left the village behind, he stopped the car, took a look up and down the old road with its high grassy banks and said, "Now it's time to really kiss you."

Everything about them was strange and sweet and beautiful, the country road, the hedges with their untrimmed blossoms. There was the fragrant warmth of summer afternoon, and a bee hummed through the car window and out again. A plane above droned higher and louder.

"Still love me?" he asked, with no doubt in his question.

"It's like being in the middle of a lyric," she said, "like being part of the rhyme. I wish we could drive on indefinitely—"

"Not on the gas ration you can't," he said.

"Then I'd like to pull up by the road and stay here in the country."

But she seemed to have done what she didn't want to do, reminded him of their destination. He let her go, straightened her back in the seat as if she were a child and said, "It's only a couple of miles from here. You'll see plenty of country. I want to show you those gardens, too. We haven't got anything like them at home. Of course they're all run down."

"This way to Appledore," read a sign. That way to Bodiam. But they didn't stop

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Meantime, the man intoned enthusiastically from his school exercise books. I filled my glass and drank. . . . Late that morning I awoke in the little bedroom I had taken at the hotel overlooking the harbor.

DURING the three days I remained in Heraklion, I saw a good deal of Aloysius Merivale. Indeed, I could not shake off his doglike devotion. The man was genuinely likable and liked. The peasants knew him, greeted him, and always had a cheerful grin for his extraordinary figure.

With the fishermen he was more familiar, and would not only carouse the nights away with them but go out in the darkness with them to sea. He would be back for breakfast, carrying a string of red mullet down the cobbled street that led to his house. Children were always sure of a pat on the head and a few drachmas distributed among their eager palms. "The mad Englishman," as they called him, was nevertheless accepted as one of themselves.

Not so his wife. I caught more than one glimpse of her engaged, as Aloysius called it, on "good works." She sat sidesaddle on the patient Ulysses, and, with those staring blue eyes, prowled about in search of cruelty to beasts. Peasants spat and fled at her approach. Even the donkeys and mules sensed her presence and would buck and kick. Scraggy cats streaked indoors. Children sucked their thumbs and gazed at her with undisguised hostility.

When she dismounted to examine some tethered donkey at a post, scrutinizing its hide for some sore that had been neglected, pandemonium would soon be let loose. It would end with a tired Greek policeman entering some wineshop to drag away a puzzled peasant to answer a most damning charge. Triumphant, Nellie Merivale would mount Ulysses once again, adjust her extraordinary tweeds and ride off followed by the hoots of the assembled crowd.

AFTER three days, when I resumed my journey in the flying boat, I dismissed Merivale and his wife as among the chance acquaintances met during the war. Yet I could not entirely forget them. Particularly I recalled the conversations with Aloysius. They remained pleasurably in the mind because never once had he made mention of the war. War seemed outside the comprehension of the thin, ascetic face with the spaniel-like eyes. As for Nellie, I was glad to dismiss her from my mind. One had no wish to recall that drooping mouth and the cruel eyes. There were moments, however, when she persisted like a bad nightmare.

I never expected to see them again. Nor the island of Crete. But such are the misfortunes of war that I found myself once again landing some months later on the island, and this time by caïque. I had come in the tide of retreat from Greece with a group of Cypriot soldiers, a couple of officers and two machine-gunned bodies that nobody had the courage or energy to topple overboard. We landed at Heraklion. I had lost my boots, so I walked barefooted over the stones of the harbor and into the first wineshop I could find.

It was the same wineshop. And sitting there, more drunk than usual, was Aloysius Merivale. His thin face was a little more drawn, but the eyes were as kindly as ever. I noticed his musicianlike hand trembled a little as he held it forth in greeting.

"You look washed out," he said.

"You don't look particularly good yourself," I grunted, surlily.

He noticed my bare and dirty feet. At once his hand went upward. "You remember?" He smiled. "Everything you need, within reach." He pulled down a pair of rawhide shoes. "See if they fit."

"I can't eat them," I sighed.

He clapped his hands. Inevitably, Oedipus appeared. Such men never die.

"Lots of cheese, olives and bread," he commanded, in his excellent Greek. "And the best wine you have. Plenty of it."

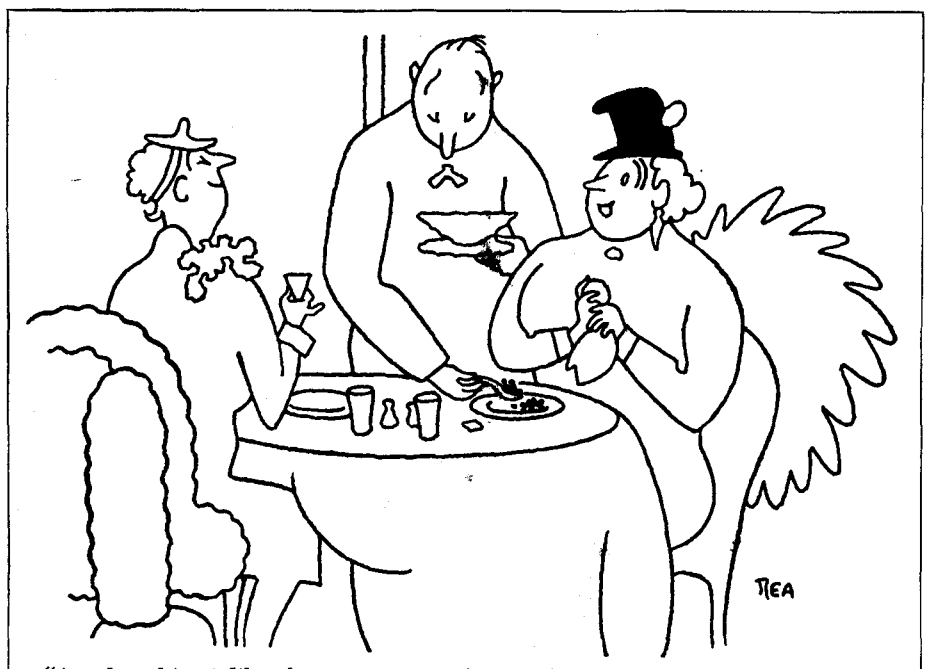
I ATE ferociously. My table manners at this time must have been disgusting. He delicately walked to the door and stood staring out across the harbor until I had finished. It was typical of the man. Then he returned and pushed a packet of Macedonian cigarettes toward me. I drew in the first smoke for several days, greedily. Then I grinned at his rather solemn, concerned face.

"Do you want to talk about it, my dear fellow?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I would rather not. Tell me the latest about Knossos and the Minoans. I've been out of touch with such important things."

His face flushed eagerly. He must have talked for an hour before I rose to take my leave. He offered to take me into his own house, but I declined. I had no desire to meet the redoubtable Nellie engaged in her "good works." Moreover, I was now part of the military machine which was descending, a little battered, on Crete.

I asked dutifully: "And how is your wife?"



"Another thing I like about caviar—we're not depriving our boys at the front"

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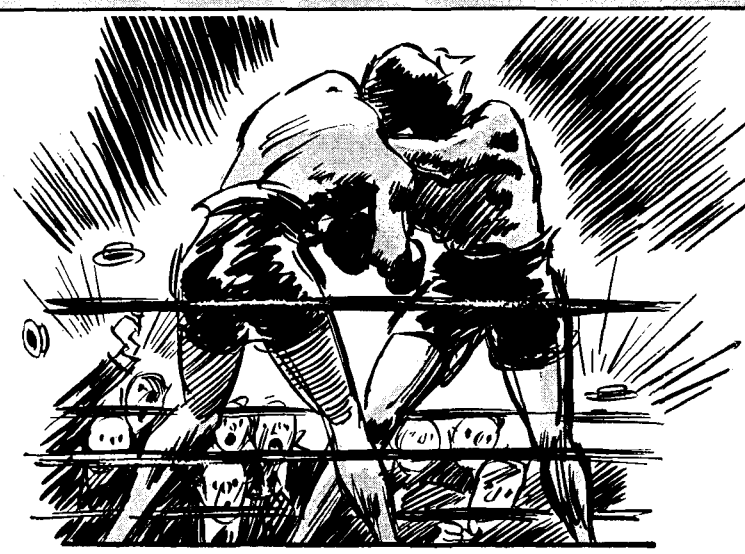

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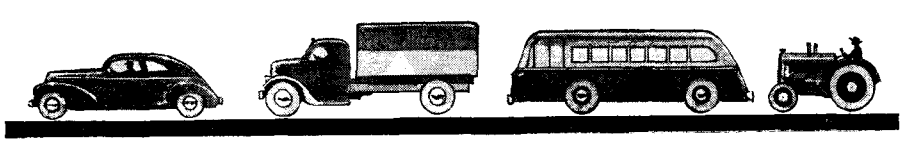

"She's worried," he admitted.

"About the war?"

"Not exactly." He hesitated. Then came a shy, apologetic smile. "It's really about money. You see, it's been impossible during the past few months to get our money out from England. And so things have been a little strained for us. But she's managing. She's a remarkable woman, you know."

I imagined they were faring pretty badly, nevertheless. I mentioned his name to a colonel in the R.A.M.C. who was grappling with the limited hospital accommodation of the town and the numerous wounded and exhausted men trickling to the island every day. Merivale was promptly offered a post at the hospital and paid a small weekly wage for his services. It is true that he was discovered drunk at times with some of the soldiers in the wards. But because he was kindliness and geniality personified, nobody took the matter further, officially.

THE German attack on Crete came with the suddenness of a Mediterranean storm. Before we witnessed that astonishing spectacle of soldiers with green-painted faces being parachuted from the sky in the thousands and gliders crashing to the plain and vomiting men armed with tommy guns, we had the prelude of a two days' air attack. The black, Swastika-marked planes roared over the romantic huddle of houses that was Heraklion. Once again we heard the scream of falling bombs and saw a whole street crumble into an avalanche of stones.

A brutal and bloody affair. The hospital was soon crowded, mostly with peasants and fishermen. They were the first victims of the attack. Aloysius Merivale worked day and night. After forty-eight hours without a moment's rest or sleep, he was found staggering about the wards from sheer exhaustion by a keen-eyed army surgeon.

"Go home, man, and sleep!" ordered the surgeon. "You're all in and no use to us in that state."

With a sob at his own helplessness, Aloysius obeyed and staggered out into the sunshine. He confessed to me later, he had no idea what day it was, or, for that matter, where he lived. He sat down on a heap of rubble that afternoon and took a swig at the bottle of brandy he had just bought. The fiery stuff roused him to some sort of action.

Stuffing the bottle into his pocket, he staggered along the wrecked, cobbled streets.

He almost fell down the step to the earthen floor of his house. He stood blinking a little in the swift passage from bright sunshine to gloom. Then he saw his wife. She was all dressed up. At least she had an extraordinary relic of a hat on her head and was wearing the dirty tweeds. He looked at her with mild astonishment in his kindly eyes.

"Going out?" he asked irrelevantly.

She flashed a look of contempt at him from her blue eyes. "Yes, I'm going out, you miserable, drunken sot," she said. "I'm going out and away from this island. I've had enough of it, and your filthy Greeks. There's a destroyer leaving for Egypt in an hour's time. The captain says that as we're English civilians, he'll take us along."

"Us?"

"Yes, you fool. You're coming along, too. Come and help with this suitcase. I've got your shirts and underwear packed."

He swayed with fatigue as he stood there. But his voice was firm and clear as he said, "I'm not leaving."

She was struggling with a stubborn strap. "None of your drunken nonsense," she said sharply. "I've endured enough of that. You're coming along with me if I have to drag you to the ship."

"I tell you I'm not going."

She straightened herself and looked at him with those blue eyes. Definitely there was murder in them. He looked at her, his own kindly expression unchanged except for a squaring of his stubbly, unshaven chin.

It must have been half a minute before she spoke. Then it was in quiet, level tones that revealed all the acid hatred in her.

"Listen to me, you sot. I'm your wife and a respectable woman. Where I go, you go. I came to this cursed island because you insisted. I've lived here with you and put up with your filthy habits and filthy friends. But if you think I'm going to stay here to be murdered by Germans, you're very much mistaken."

"Of course you must go, my dear," he nodded. "But I'm staying."

"And may I ask why?"

There was danger in her voice. Yet he answered meekly. "Because there are things to do here."

"Things to do, eh!" She began to laugh, hysterically. "Getting drunk night after night. Digging in the earth until your brain is as cracked as these pots." Swiftly, she flung open the wooden chest in the corner of the room and delved her red hands into it. "You want to stay for a few cracked pots. Well, I'll end that nonsense once and for all."

She brought the earthenware jars forth. One after another she flung them against the walls of the room. They smashed into pieces and littered the floor. "There! And there! If those are the things that keep you here then it's time there was an end to such muck."

"Nellie! Stop! For heaven's sake!"

He saw the treasure jar of two thousand years B. C., irretrievably smashed. In her frenzy she was grinding her heels into the fragments. In her hands now were the ridiculous school exercise books. Her strong hands began to tear them to shreds.

"These are the hellish things that have wasted my life," she screamed. "You've lived with them; not with me. I never want to see them again. I never want to see you again. Get out."

He was standing there staring at the remnants of his treasures uncomprehendingly when I stumbled down the steps a few seconds later. Then he looked up at his wife. "But, Nellie—"

Her voice went up in a shriek: "Get out!"

He turned to me as if I might provide some answer to her frenzy of destruction, his eyes bleared with dismay. But all I could think to do was take his arm and urge him through the door.

"Come along," I said. "We'll have a drink."

HE LET me lead him like a child, stumbling a little on the cobblestones as a child might, and we had gone perhaps fifty yards when I heard the scream of the first bomb. I looked about us for shelter and pulled at his arm, trying to hurry him. Merivale would not run.

The explosion came at some distance, a deep hollow crumping sound, and then the scream of a second bomb. I flung Merivale to the ground and pitched myself alongside. Instinctively my hands went to the back of my neck. There was that awful second of waiting. Then came a shattering roar, the earth quivered against my belly, and I was drenched with debris. Dust blinded and suffocated me.

Slowly I rose. I was not even scratched. I looked around for Merivale. He was not there. I glanced over my shoulder. There he was, staggering back to his house. Only now there was no more left of his house than his wife had left of his precious fragments of antiquity.

"Where is she?" he was sobbing.

There was nothing but a mass of debris. Where once had been a row of houses was now but a heap of stones. A twisted iron

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bedstead was slanting toward the sky. Somewhere beneath that avalanche lay Nellie Merivale, buried deeper than ever were her husband's bits of Minoan pottery.

"Nellie," he cried out. "Nellie!"

He knew she was dead. Nothing human could have withstood such a shattering blast. He leaned over and picked up a bit of his pottery from between two cobblestones. He stared at it. Bombs were falling now a quarter of a mile away; there was the drone of more planes overhead; at moments the low whimper of the dying broke through. But Merivale stared at his bit of pottery.

"Cheated," he said stupidly, and then turned on me, shouting: "We cheat ourselves in the belief that we grow civilized. We're nothing of the kind. We're cunning apes, that's all, cunning apes scheming to murder one another."

He flung the piece of pottery contemptuously among the ruins. Then he gazed at his own musicianlike hands. He clenched and unclenched them, twisted them sharply in a gesture like that of a man wringing the neck of a chicken.

"I can do it," he said, and started running away over the cobblestones.

I shouted after him: "Where are you going?"

"To get a gun," he shouted back. "I'm going to kill—and kill."

He slithered away and disappeared behind a mass of rubble.

I was left gazing at an avalanche of stones.

THAT was the beginning of the legend of Aloysius Merivale in Crete. I heard snatches of it from soldiers in the hectic, fighting days that followed. Those were the days when the sky seemed to be raining Germans. And not only men. Motorcycles, light tanks, mortars and machine guns were descending by parachute. One extraordinary robot that fell into our hands was suspiciously examined by Australian soldiers. It turned out to be a complete operating-table equipment, neatly folded and sliding into sections.

The parachutists could not burden themselves with prisoners. If they did take some in the later stages of the attack, it was to march them along in front and threaten them from behind with tommy guns. Then, when British opposition was encountered, the prisoners were told to shout instructions in English that their comrades should surrender. Otherwise, all would be annihilated. They used the Greek peasants in the same fashion.

"And dang me, if I didn't see at the head of one of those marching groups that rare fool that I be last seeing in the hospital," said one soldier. "A man with a fool of a name, too."

"Merivale," I suggested.

"That be it. Those Jerries had got him, and a number of his Greek friends. They marched them at the point of tommy guns across a field where we were waiting for them. Merivale, his hands in his pockets, walked as carefully as though he'd had a couple of pints. He was dressed like a tramp, as usual. Gypsylike, if you know what I mean. But he was rare changed. His face was dead set, and his eyes fair burned out at you."

"What happened?"

"Those Greeks were driven like sheep right up to our lines. We dursn't fire for fear of killing 'em. And at their head marched Merivale, his hands in his pockets. They came within twenty-five yards of us. We had our rifles trained on 'em. Our officer was licking his lips, unable to give the order to fire. The leader decided for him. Merivale suddenly shouted: 'Fire, you fools! Let 'em have it!'

"At that same moment he and the other peasants fell flat on their faces. Not a moment too soon. We let the Jerries have it with all we'd got—rifles, Brens and hand grenades. They went over like ninepins. Then we came out with bayonets. Dang me, but it were a rare do. Not one of those Jerries was left alive. That rare fool, Merivale, was like a man gone mad in a slaughter house. He was hacking away at Jerries with one of those long knives that the Cretans use. They're as deadly as bayonets. And when our officer turned round to thank the fool, the figure of 'the mad Englishman,' stained with blood, lay dead. The Jerries had got him."

I shall never forget Aloysius Merivale. He never saw himself as a heroic figure but in his peculiar way he was a noble man.

THE END

COLLIER'S "I'll bet I'm a big disappointment to you, sir" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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ESSLEY SPORTS SHIRTS are finer in fabric, smarter in style and tailored in the true Essley manner.

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No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat

Serving America's fighting front and home front, too

Because of Treet's important food values, most of the supply of this meal-in-a-minute meat goes to our fighting forces everywhere.

And simply because it *is* so nourishing, a limited quantity of Treet has been allotted for America's home front, too!

You may find your dealer out of Treet at times. If so, remember the shortage is temporary. Keep asking for Treet.

And try the zestful dinner shown here. It's one of scores of hearty, flavorful Treet dishes you can prepare quickly and easily. Treet is made of fine pork shoulder and flavorful ham, for outstanding goodness, any way you serve it.

Feeds four. There are 12 ounces of solid meat in every Treet tin. All pure pork, richest of all meats in Vitamin B_1... not an ounce of bone or waste. No wonder Treet's such a favorite with busy, hungry Americans!

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausage, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

Treet and Noodles

Cook 1½ cups noodles and drain. Mix in 2 tbsps. chopped green pepper and 1 tbsp. chopped onion cooked in melted butter. Serve with fried Treet. ***For sauce***, melt 2 tbsps. butter. Add 2 tbsps. flour, stir in 1 cup milk till thickened. Season with Worcestershire Sauce and salt. Add ¾ cup grated cheese. Stir till cheese melts.

Armour's
Treet
MARK
THE ALL PURE MEAT
INGREDIENTS: CHOPPED PORK SHOULDER MEAT, HAM MEAT ADDED, SALT, SUGAR, SPICE, SODIUM NITRATE AND SODIUM NITRITE
Ready to Eat
OR SERVE AS ILLUSTRATED
CONTENTS 12 OZ. AVDP.
WITH NATURAL JUICES
PACKED BY ARMOUR AND COMPANY · GENERAL OFFICE CHICAGO, ILL.

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Civil Service Wonderland

Continued from page 26

fact remains that I was just one of more than 100 employees in that office, some of them being paid $6,000 and $8,000 a year, all sitting, idle as I was. Actually, I didn't earn $5 of my salary. Yet on the walls were slogans 'Every Minute Counts,' 'Give It Your Best,' and so on."

A group of one hundred employees in one unit of the War Department protested they had no work from March to October 24th. Another unit figured up that its average salary was $4,000 a year, then confessed, "We are overpaid and underworked."

Overlapping of effort sometimes reaches hilarious proportions. Eight different agencies, for example, are collecting figures on labor requirements and supply. The Employment Service of the War Manpower Commission has a full force of labor economists, analysts and other experts finding out how much labor will be needed and how much is available. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has a similar force doing exactly the same thing. The Office of Civilian Defense also has something to do with labor estimates, and the War Department has a War Manpower Division which is an exact organic duplicate of the original War Manpower Commission. Each of these can, of course, explain why its particular function is distinct and why it must be kept separate from all the others. But the layman can't help wondering.

Fourteen different agencies are working on postwar planning, and it is sometimes hard to see just where one ends and another begins.

Efficiency Strictly Prohibited

I have a better idea of what we mean by "poor fish" since learning that the affairs of American fish are settled by more than 23 different federal agencies. The Fish and Wildlife Service of the Interior Department is merely one. Our fishing industry is watched over by everybody from the Office of Price Administration to the Coast Guard. And the Indian Service had a record of 12,500 employees to take care of 364,000 Indians—29 Indians per employee.

I recall also the case of the man who was declared ineligible to take a particular Civil Service examination because he lacked the necessary qualifications, but was later asked to help correct the examination papers on the grounds that he was an expert in the subject.

One letter tells me of an agency in which the night shift arrives at four in the afternoon, but the day shift doesn't quit until four-thirty, resulting in chaos when the shifts change. Several have told me they work in units whose principal function is to review the work of reviewers.

Another letter told of a section which had gone through a reorganization every seven months since it was set up three years ago. Morale now is so bad that the men lock the doors of their offices when they can and swing into lusty crap games on their mahogany desks. A girl supervisor told me of a rush job in which hundreds of copies were made of a form letter. The letter then went to a federal lawyer for review, one sentence was changed, and the whole job was done over again.

Several letters I've received elaborate on the fine old federal habit of making numerous copies of everything. Carbon copies are done on papers of various colors. "Three whites, two greens and a yellow" is the motto of one division in the Office of Price Administration. Theoretically, the different colors go to different files, but one secretary confessed she makes the eight required copies, staples them together, and throws them in the wastebasket. So far, nobody has missed them.

From all of this, it would appear that the government is not making the best possible use of its manpower at a time when manpower is one of our great war problems.

Several reasonable explanations have been put out. This is a complicated war, and our economic system is more intricate than those of the dictators. Further, we have fewer men in uniform doing civilian tasks than we had before.

Administration is sure to be weak unless we strain to make it strong. We haven't done any such straining. The federal government should develop methods and means of training supervisory people, instead of relying on chance, politics, friendship or seniority to choose its executives. Several plans have been proposed but none have been adopted. I hope my committee will turn up enough information to permit Congress to take effective steps.

A LINE ON MOTHER'S DAY

Mother, dearest of our loves,
Wants a pair of welder's gloves.

Yours, that paragon of pluck,
Piloting a heavy truck,

Says she needs a coverall
Rather than a chiffon shawl.

Here's a further list for others
Bent on gifts for busy mothers:

Slacks and hack saws, or a nice
Blowtorch, if you have the price.

At such thoughts, don't look askance,
Now that Mother wears the pants

MARGARET FISHBACK

Actually the Civil Service has needed overhauling for a long time. For example, government supervisors are in many cases paid according to the number of employees they have under them. The head of a stenographic pool with only ten employees will inevitably be considered to have less important duties than the supervisor of another pool which has two hundred stenographers.

The Civil Service Commission has been trying, within the limits of the law, to correct the situation but it's still bad, and the strain of war has made the flaws more glaring.

In one case, the chief of a filing room organized her system so well that she was able to run it with twelve employees. Her boss then requested a raise. The Civil Service Commission experts decided that she would not rate the raise until she had sixty-five employees. It took her a little over a month to make her filing sufficiently inefficient to require the extra forty-three employees and get her raise.

That seems to be the basic structure of our federal personnel system, and it should be drastically redesigned for the sake of the country and the young men who are fighting for it.

THE END

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Geranium Fever

Continued from page 22

"Miss Field?" a male voice asked, altogether too cheerfully.

"She's in Maine," Julie mumbled.

"When do you expect her?" the voice persisted.

"Two months from now," Julie said. "G'by."

"Wait!" implored the voice. "Are you her roommate?"

Julie eased herself tiredly down on the rug. This was going to take time.

"Only when she isn't here," Julie replied. "Do you want to leave a message?"

"Well, look," the voice went on. "I'm Hank Devermon, and I'm a brother of a friend of the brother of the girl Miss Field roomed with in college."

Julie shook her head. "How was that again?"

"I'm a brother of a friend of the brother of the girl Miss Field roomed with in college. The name is Hank Devermon."

"How long," Julie asked, "did it take you to memorize that?"

"Not long," Hank Devermon told her happily. "I just got into New York. I don't know anybody. Tom Richards suggested I call Miss Field and take her to lunch."

Julie was cool.

"Is he the brother or the friend?" she wanted to know.

"He's the brother of the girl," Hank Devermon explained. "And since Miss Field isn't there, won't you have lunch with me?"

"No," said Julie promptly.

"That's a fine hospitable way to act," the pleasant voice said. "Look, Tom Richards and my brother Pete are pals and I'm—"

"Please don't go through all that again," Julie cut in. "I believe you."

"All right. Then won't you have lunch with me?"

"No," Julie replied.

"I beg your pardon," said a third voice. "Five cents for another five minutes, please." Julie started to hang up but she heard faint swearing and another coin ring, and she thought it would be unfair to waste this poor brother-of-a-friend-of-a-brother's nickel.

"Listen," said the voice, "are you there?"

"I'm here," Julie said, patiently amused.

"Would you mention three good reasons for not having lunch with me?"

"Certainly," Julie said obligingly. "First, I don't look the way you think I do."

"How do you know what I think?" he countered. "And what do you mean?"

"I'm unglamorous," she said sadly.

"I'm no Greek god myself," Hank Devermon informed her pleasantly. "What's the second reason?"

"I'm probably too tall for you."

"How tall?" the voice demanded.

"Five-nine in my pajamas," Julie told him.

"H'm," he mused as if he were calculating board feet, "with heels you ought to come just up to my eyes. What's number three?"

"I have a cold," Julie said, sniffling for sound effect. "That's why I'm here instead of in the office where I belong."

"I know all about colds," Hank informed her crisply. "I know just the thing for it. Meet me at Pierre's—wherever that is—at twelve-thirty."

FOR the first time in her life, Julie found things out of hand. A delicious sense of helplessness flooded over her.

"B-but, how will I know you?" she managed to stammer.

"Listen," he said fiercely, "you're an expensive wench. I'm running out of nickels. What's your favorite flower?"

"Geraniums," said Julie without thinking and instantly wished she had said orchids.

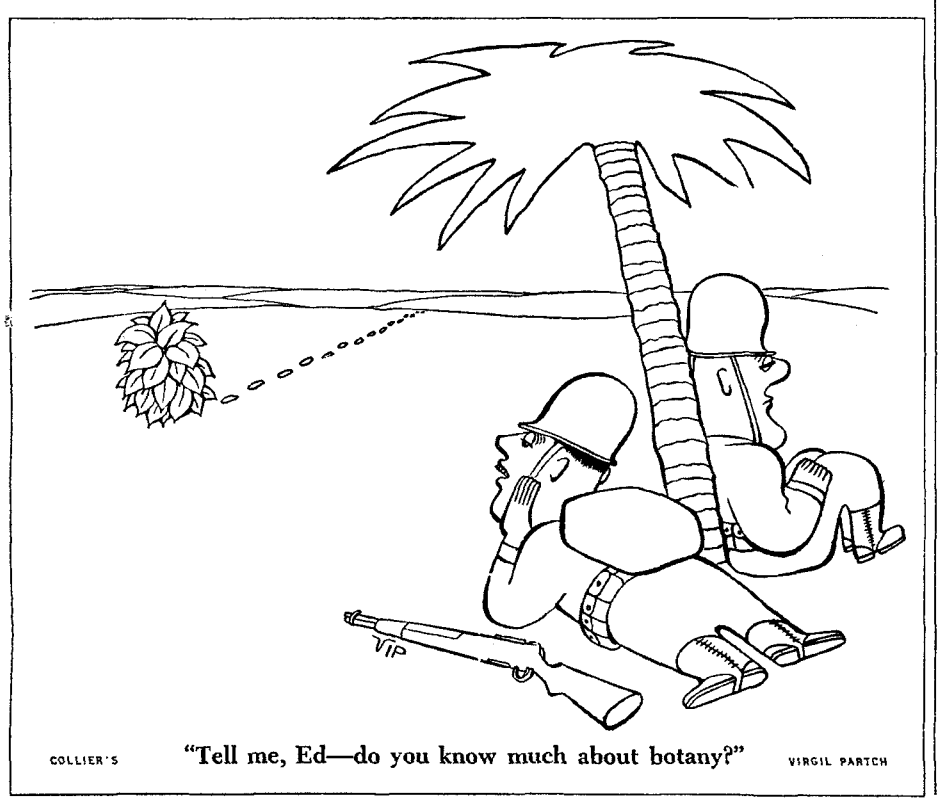
The voice never hesitated.

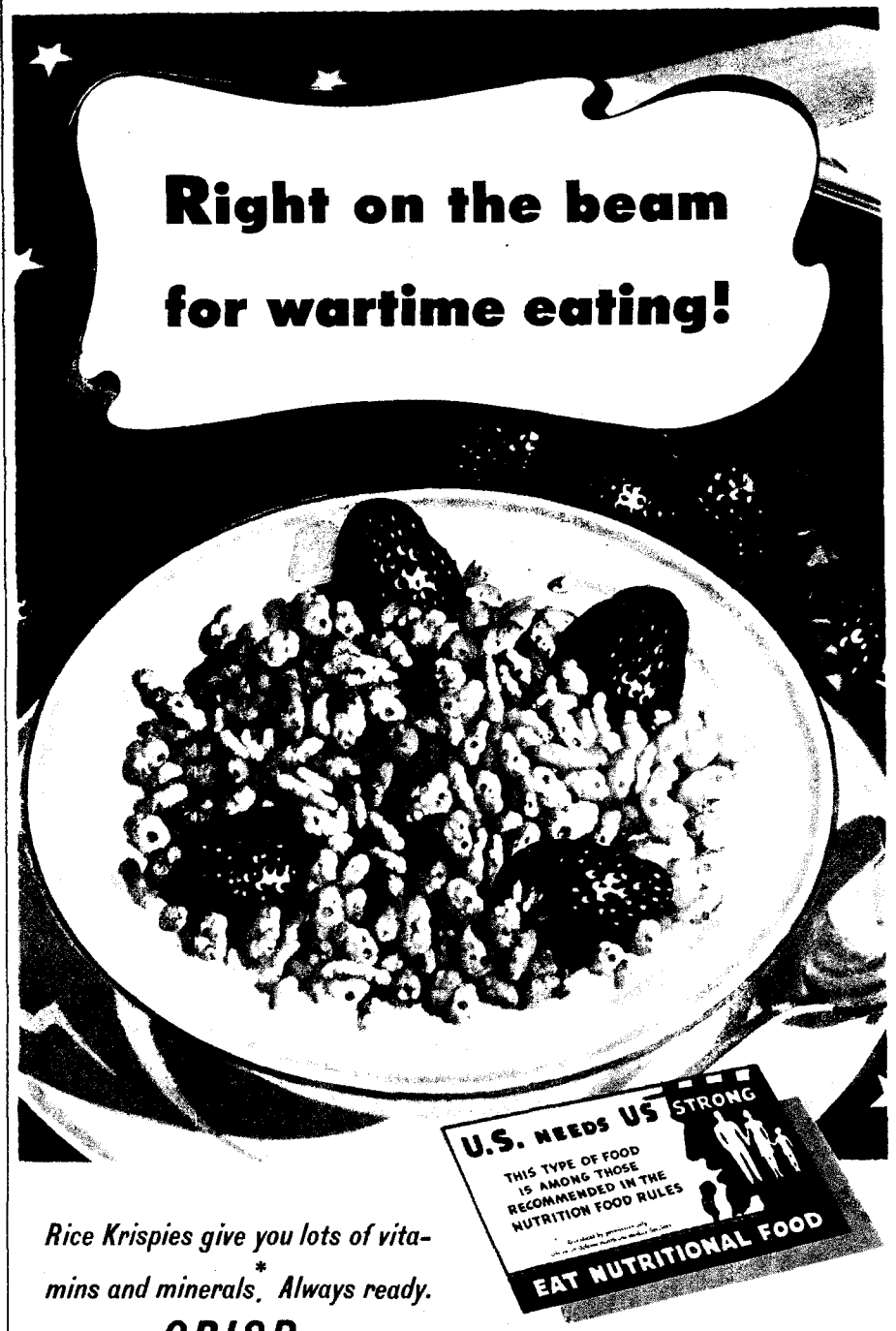
"It's not exactly G.I.," he said, "but I'll wear a potted geranium. Pierre's at twelve-thirty." Then Julie heard the operator again and the male voice saying, "Nuts to you, operator. Quit harping about nickels and tell me where I can buy a potted geranium."

Slowly Julie put the pale blue phone back on its cradle. Somebody, somebody with a very nice voice, had called her an expensive wench! He had ordered her around and practically hung up in her face. He had treated her as if she hadn't a brain in her head and didn't know what to do about anything.

Dazedly she got up and shuffled into the bathroom. She stuck her face up at the mirror and involuntarily grinned at herself. It was a good face, with wide blue eyes and very rumpled brown hair, and a nose that looked as if she had been on a three-day binge.

"One of us," she smiled at her reflection, "is crazy. And I am quite sure it isn't

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THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Rice Krispies give you lots of vitamins and minerals. Always ready.*

So **CRISP** *they*

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

America's crispest breakfast favorite takes on added duties these days. Delicious, golden Rice Krispies are the quick, easy way to give the family good nutrition at any meal, any hour. Always ready, they save time, work, fuel. They save other foods, too.

*Rice Krispies are rich with whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron. Oven-popped to crunchy crispness. Toasted to a mellow, golden brown. Rice Krispies boast a flavor that only an exclusive Kellogg recipe can give.

Enjoy the lasting crispness of Rice Krispies at breakfast. Hear them snap! crackle! pop! Serve them at other meals, too.

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Shop early in the week to avoid week-end rush and delay.

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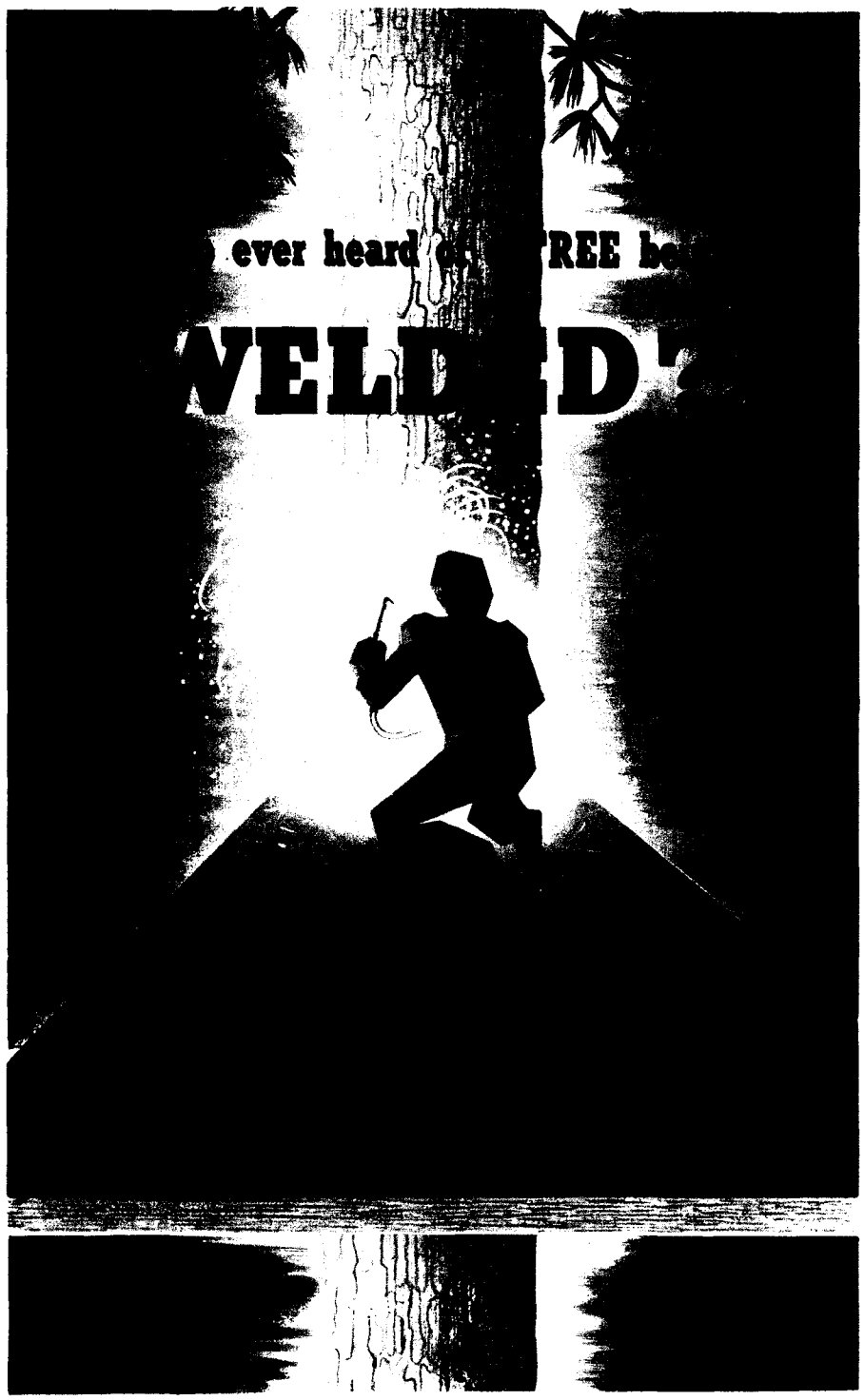

ARMY E NAVY

Welding is the very latest *thing in building ships and airplanes . . . but it is an age-old story to Nature. A tree's great mechanical strength, for instance, comes from the welding together of its mass of cellulose fiber by a mysterious and elusive substance called lignin.*

Almost 19 years ago the late scientist, W. H. Mason, long an associate of Thomas Edison, discovered a way to duplicate—and, in fact, improve upon—Nature's own "welding process."

The result was one of the world's most remarkable materials, Masonite* Presdwood,* the ligno-cellulose hardboard which has greater tensile strength, weight for weight, than steel . . . glass-like smoothness . . . unusual workability and almost limitless versatility . . . yet which will not warp, split, chip or crack when properly used!

The Masonite Process starts by "exploding" wood, without either damaging the cellulose or removing the lignin. The cellulose fiber, of varying degrees of plasticity, is then welded together again under different heats and pressures, producing ligno-cellulose hardboards suitable for many special purposes.

Today, Masonite Presdwoods have more than 500 direct war uses, saving countless tons of steel, aluminum, rubber and other critical materials. Obviously, there is little available for general civilian use. But if your company is engaged in essential production, and you need an outstanding material to replace those which are scarce, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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MASONITE PRESDWOODS

THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

you." Then, because she felt the need of a hot shower, cold grapefruit juice and black coffee, in that order, she went into the kitchen and put some water on to boil.

Something exciting kept zooming around inside of her and she wondered over and over the question she'd never wondered before because she'd always known the answer: Why do I *do* things like this? She wondered other things too. What if I meet Mr. Marks and he thinks my cold was faked? What if this Hank Whosis is only five-six? What if he doesn't even show up?

She chose a pale pink dress and her blue jacket with the white collar. "I probably look like a governess," she thought, but she didn't feel like a governess. She felt breathless and excited and happy. She put out a neat pile of handkerchiefs and then powdered her nose vigorously in an attempt to tone down its fire-engine color.

WALKING along 53d Street, Julie's knees actually shook and she was so happy about it she was almost delirious. Knees in Julie's life had always been just part of her that bent going upstairs. She kept thinking incoherent things about Kitty being in Maine and what a nice thing a cold was after all. Then, in front of Pierre's, she stopped dead still.

There stood a tall, broad-shouldered young man in a first lieutenant's uniform, his cap shoved back on his head in a strictly prewar, newspaperman fashion, and in both hands he clutched a potted geranium! Julie gaped. She was absolutely speechless.

"Hello," said the young lieutenant. "You're here, aren't you? I mean, you're the one. I told you with heels you come just up to my eyes. Here," he thrust the geranium at her and she took it mechanically. "What are you staring at? Oh, yes—my nose. Please don't think I'm a prize fighter," he begged. "It got that way in college, playing football. Speaking of noses, how's your cold?"

"Better—I think," said Julie vaguely.

Hank Devermon smiled at her and tucked her hand under his arm. "Come on, don't you know enough to come out of the rain?"

"I didn't know it was," said Julie happily.

Inside, Hank took the geranium out of Julie's hands and put it in the center of a small table.

"Are you sure you feel all right?" he asked.

"Wonderful." She looked distressed.

"What's the matter?" Hank cried.

Julie hunted frantically through her bag. "Mr. Jones!" she wailed.

"What?" Hank scowled.

"By doze," Julie explained. "I-I left by haddkerchief at hobe!" she cried like a small child.

"Oh, my gosh!" laughed Hank. "Here," he handed her his and Julie gratefully buried most of her face in it. "Do you always call your nose 'Mr. Jones'?" he asked.

Julie smiled. "It's an old joke of my mother's."

"Well, I've got just the thing for that Jones guy," Hank told her. He signaled a waiter and ordered big bowls of onion soup. The waiter went away and Hank looked back at Julie. "Hey, I don't know your name yet."

"It isn't Jones," Julie laughed. "It's Julie Drake."

Hank stuck out a big paw, brown like the rest of him, his eyes, his hair, everything but his gleaming teeth. "Glad to know you, Julie. If I had more time I'd start out by calling you Miss Drake, but New York's just a jumping-off place. I've got to work fast."

"You're getting there," Julie observed.

The soup arrived in steaming dishes, and Hank's eyes glittered.

"They don't have onion soup where I've been," he said. "In fact, they don't have onions. Or soup," he added as an afterthought.

"I know better than to ask you where you've been," Julie said. "But may I inquire where you're going or what kind of work you do?"

Hank waved the spoon at her. "Military secrets," he said. "I'm sorry, but if we talk about me, we'll have to talk strictly about my past. But I'd rather talk about you anyway."

"Is it wicked?" Julie asked.

"To talk about a pretty girl? Not at all. At least, it doesn't say so in my officers' handbook."

Julie laughed. "I mean, is your past wicked?"

Hank considered the surface of his soup. "My girl," he said and his words were gay but his voice was sober, "you are probably straight out of heaven. I have just come from seeing the most terrible things I have ever seen in my whole life. What I need more than anything in the world is somebody gay and lovely and—understanding. And that's you. I like you, Julie Drake."

He looked straight at her then and Julie mopped her nose with Hank's big handkerchief to cover up her conflicting emotions. Her heart sighed. Here she was being good old Julie, efficient as ever in her perverse way of always doing the right thing. Still, something about Hank Devermon made her feel lusciously inefficient and her spirit stirred with strange awakenings—to what, Julie wasn't quite sure. To war, maybe, and to moods she'd always thought efficiency would keep her from knowing.

"Hey," said a voice, "remember me?" Julie raised her eyes and smiled. "Are you mad, Julie?"

"No, I'm not mad. I was just thinking. How long are you going to be in New York, Hank?"

It was the first time she had mentioned his name and he paused a moment. Then he said, "A week, with luck. We might go any time, of course."

"That's not very long, is it?" Julie asked.

"Now look," Hank protested. "Don't get serious on me. You have such a beacon smile. I'll do imitations or anything if you'll just smile again. I can do Charles Boyer. Listen: Just you and I alon' in Paw-ee, Gab-*bee!*"

THEY both laughed and without knowing why, Julie firmly resolved to amuse this young soldier as long as he wanted to be entertained. They talked about each other then. Julie learned that Hank lived in California and had been an illustrator before the war. Of course, that was just to earn a living. He painted his own stuff on the side and someday he wanted to do something really good. Julie told him about her aunt's farm in Michigan where she had grown up, and how she had come to New York against everyone's wishes and had stumbled into the job at K. L. Marks when they had mistaken her for another girl who was coming to take a new job.

"I worked there two days before they found out," she laughed, "and by that time, they'd had a look at my efficiency and couldn't fire me." Then, realizing how that sounded, she gasped. "That sounds awful, but I can explain it," and she went on quickly to tell Hank all about her double-barreled capability. "It's kind of terrible," she said at last. "Everyone in the whole place—eight floors of it—says, 'Ask Julie'."

"You're a slogan, I take it?" Hank said.

"I'm a *modus operandi!*" Julie cried, growing unhappy at the thought.

"Yeah?" Hank objected. "If you're so efficient, how did you happen to do a crazy thing like having lunch with me today? Why, I could be a thief—or anything!"

"I—I couldn't help it," Julie said in a low

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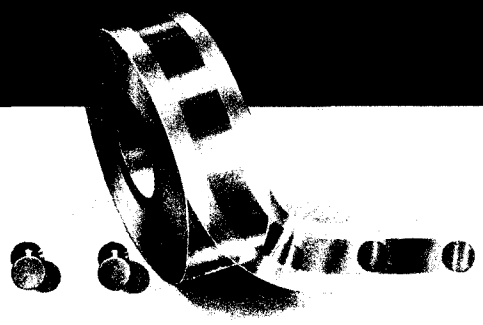

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GIVE them a rivet gun for a needle, sheets of aluminum for material, and these war workers will stitch you an airplane wing in half the time it used to take.

Here's how they do it: One girl puts the rivets in the holes. Another temporarily fastens them in place with "Scotch" Tape. Close behind her comes the riveter, hammering them in. When the riveter is finished, the tape is peeled off quickly and cleanly . . . for this type of "Scotch" Tape is gummed only at the top and bottom edges. There's no adhesive along the middle of the tape to stick to the rivet heads.

This is only one of more than 100 different types of "Scotch" Tape that are helping to speed war production of everything from bomb fuzes to battleships. If you are working in war industry, we will welcome the opportunity to show you how "Scotch" Tape may be of help in breaking your production "bottlenecks."

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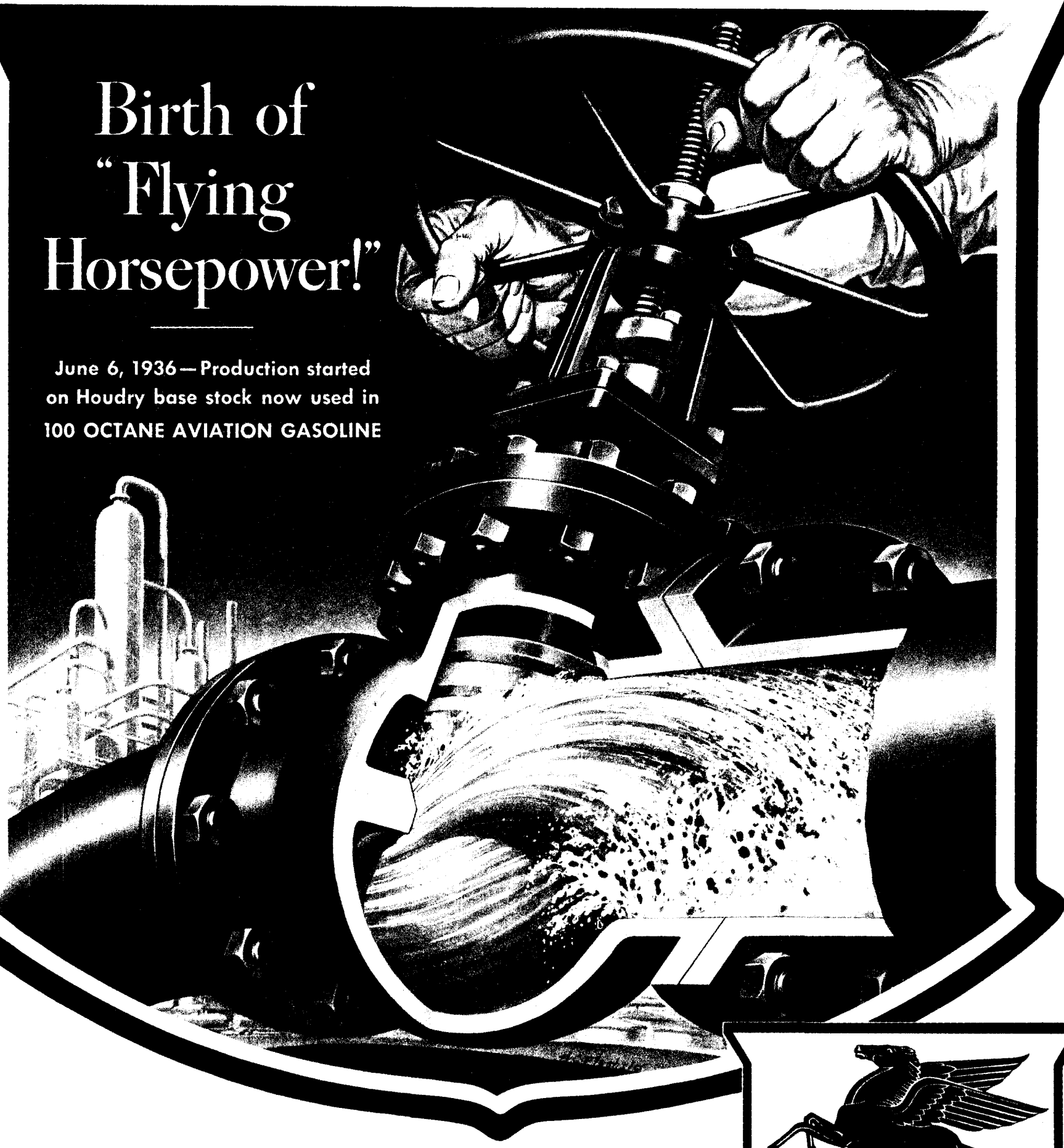
Birth of "Flying Horsepower!"

June 6, 1936—Production started on Houdry base stock now used in 100 OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE



When a workman opened that valve one summer's day in 1936 in Paulsboro, N. J., a new Catalytic Cracking refinery "went on line"—*the first commercial Houdry unit in the world.* This process is now used in making base stock for the world's finest *100 Octane Aviation Gasoline.*

Thus America was given a new military weapon of unbelievable importance—for Catalytic Cracking is the *only* method by which this vital aviation fuel can be made in the quantities needed by the United States and United Nations today!

Socony-Vacuum was the first to recognize the possibilities of Catalytic Cracking—brought Eugene Houdry to this country and worked with him in developing and perfecting this process. Socony-Vacuum has produced more Catalytic Cracked base stock for 100 Octane gasoline than any other company.

Nor did Socony-Vacuum's pioneering research stop there. A remarkable new advance, our new TCC Process* will enable America to increase greatly the quantity and quality of 100 Octane gasoline *with a minimum* use of critical materials.

"Flying Horsepower" in an ever increasing flow is our contribution to America's air supremacy.

*Thermofor Catalytic Cracking Process—patented by Socony-Vacuum.

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In Peace or War—
The Sign of Friendly Service Serves America Well!

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Park on a Cloud

Continued from page 15

Dayton. The five-day flight from Stratford—761 airline miles—broke all existing helicopter records and hung up some new ones. Here are high lights from the report later written by Morris and released by the Army this March:

". . . At Utica I drifted up sideways in front of the hangar and hung there stationary for a minute or so while mouths opened wide enough to land in. . . .

". . . Above the field at Rochester I headed into the wind and slowly settled down facing the open hangar doors. . . . A guard came over and advised me to taxi up in front of the control tower at the other end of the hangar line. He didn't realize that in this craft a short flight is much more satisfactory than taxiing on the ground. . . . The control tower was simply a square, glassed-in box atop a fifty-foot skeleton tower out near the operations area. It was a good thing for me that my ship could hang motionless in the air, because when I whirred up in front of the tower and looked the operator in the face he was so flabbergasted that he left me hovering there for the better part of a minute. . . ."

Above the Law

From Rochester to Buffalo, Morris and the ground crew, who were traveling in an automobile with a large yellow spot painted on its top, went down the highway together. Writes Morris: "I knew they were pushing along at a good speed (often close to seventy-five) and I was hoping a state trooper would pull them over; it would have been fun to hover a few feet above them while he was bawling them out or giving them a ticket. No trooper showed up, though, so I had to content myself with flitting ahead to each crossroad to make sure there was no converging traffic to cause danger. . . ."

It was thirty-four years ago this month at Kiev, where he was born May 17, 1889, that Sikorsky built his first helicopter. According to photographs it looked like a combination of an old-fashioned ceiling fan and a motorcycle that had been hit by a fast freight train. This job remained as firmly on the ground as an impossibly balky mule.

The second machine, built the following year (1910), was an improvement in that it lifted its own 400-pound weight a few inches, but Sikorsky concluded that helicopter success was far from around the corner, so he turned his energies to fixed-wing airplanes.

He built four without satisfactory results, but his S-5 flew in May, 1911, and from then on, his skill and reputation grew until, after coming to America in 1919, he achieved his greatest project in point of size, at least—the S-42, or the first Pan American Clipper, test-flown in 1935. In 1939, Sikorsky returned to the helicopter problem and this time developed one that would do what he wanted it to do. (A note in passing: The beginning of the first helicopter delivery flight, May 13, 1942, occurred just twenty-nine years to the day after Igor Sikorsky's "Grand"—the world's first successful four-engine airplane—made its maiden flight in Petrograd.)

It's strange in a way that this essentially shy man contributed so much to today's most important war machine—the multiengine airplane. His manners are courtly and he never speaks harshly to anyone. When he came upon a workman who was fumbling a job he has been known to say: "If I may express an opinion, and if it isn't contrary to your opinion, I would suggest your doing it this way. I hope you don't mind." Sikorsky's associates are devoted to him.

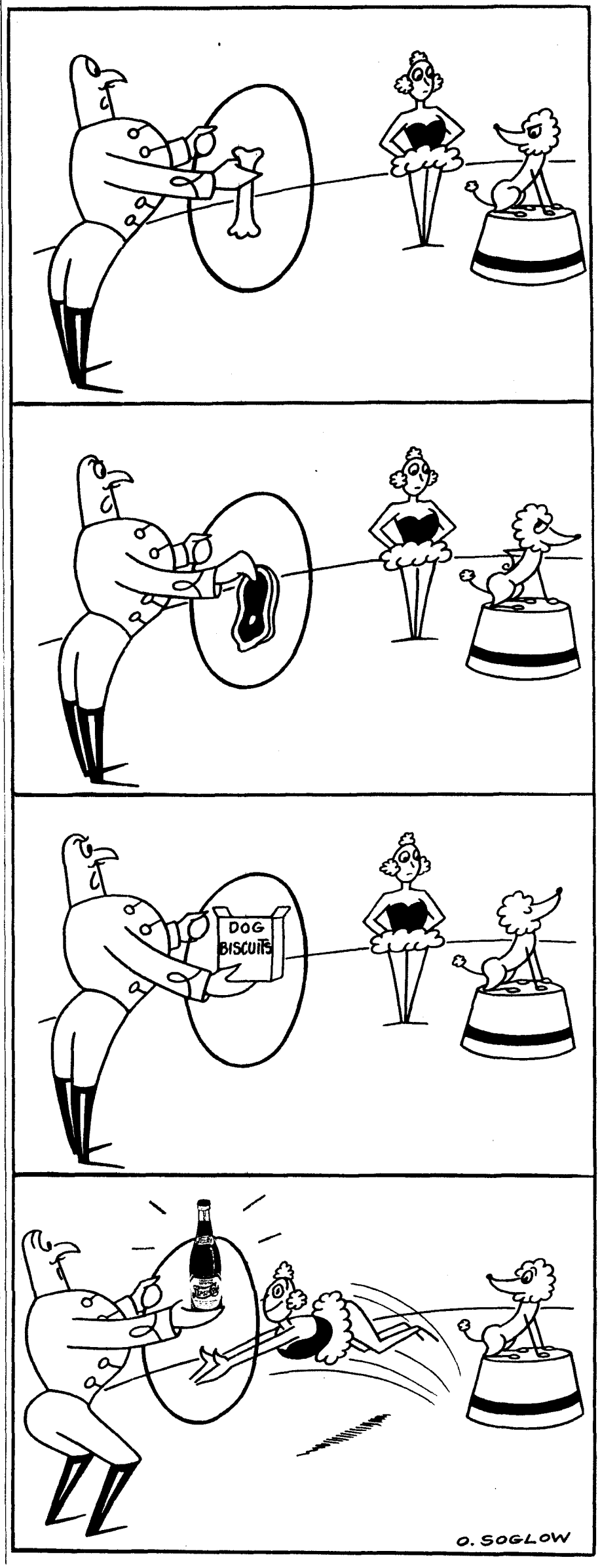
Considering the early crashes he survived, it's remarkable that Sikorsky is still alive, alert and active.

"Although he loves to fly," a colleague once said of him, "he is not an instinctive pilot, like Lindbergh, De Seversky, or Sergievsky. He flies like a professor with a textbook in his hand."

What the further development of the helicopter will mean to you twelve years from now is easy to imagine. Sikorsky

"We find it advisable here at the mint to allow the new help a few days in which to accustom themselves to all this money and settle back to normal!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN



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Decoration Day – Away from HOME

THEY ARE MIGHTY PROUD of you, mister—that family of yours back home. If they could only have been there when the General gave you that medal!

Thousands of miles of green water may be between you and HOME. But you are very close to them and they are close to you. For you know that this one word HOME sums up all that's worth living for and all that's worth fighting for.

And back home, they know that without you and the millions like you there would be nothing to stop those who burn and pillage and ravage homes in the countries they conquer.

As long as American homes are in danger, Crosley will make nothing that isn't needed and used by our Armed Forces and our Allies.

Every resource of engineering and research, every facility of precision-production, planning and skill, is devoted to supporting those who are winning this war.

The pace and demands of War have stimulated the manufacture of new inventions, new materials and new products. Crosley, when Peace comes, will make even finer radios, refrigerators and other appliances for the home, and the Crosley Car for civilian use.

More than 8,000 loyal men and women at Crosley have been awarded the 10% War Bond Flag as a symbol that their savings, as well as their skilled hands, are working for victory.

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

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COLLIER'S "Mess call, dear—and I'm not kidding" WILL JOHNSON

says that, of course, conventional planes will still be used for fast, long-range transportation, but that you'll be flying medium-car-priced helicopters from home to office to country club to Grandma's—any of which places might be a convenient 100 miles apart. If there are to be no radical changes in power methods, cruising speeds of the two- to five-place ships will range from 70 to 140 miles per hour, using a gallon of gasoline in every six to nine miles.

Learning to operate your ship will require little more mental and physical agility than you used when you first slid behind the wheel of your car. Conservatively, though, Sikorsky thinks ten hours of instruction won't be too much, despite the foolproof characteristics of his ship.

"Consider this," he points out. "You don't start learning to fly a conventional airplane until it is going perhaps sixty miles per hour, or the speed at which it leaves the ground. An automobile is going from five to ten miles per hour before you can be said to be learning to operate it. But you can fly a helicopter when it's only knee-high above your own back yard and traveling at the rate of perhaps one foot per minute."

One reason why the helicopter captivates the imagination and seems to presage a quick revolution in private flying habits is that the military models now being made by the Sikorsky plant will be useful immediately after the war, like jeeps and most Army trucks. Bombers and fighting planes, on the other hand, will be as useless for commercial purposes as tanks and big guns.

About four weeks ago, Northeast Airlines filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board an application to open helicopter lines to augment present air-mail operations in six New England states and New York. Later on, the company hopes to set up helicopter passenger schedules between suburbs and downtown districts.

But don't envision an overnight rush of flying windmills in the sky over your neck of the woods. They will never supersede huge, fixed-wing transport planes. Or replace the automobile. Or the horse. To Sikorsky they are still pretty much in the experimental stage. Your 1955 helicommuter will, in all likelihood, make today's VS-300 look like something in a museum. That, in fact, is where the VS-300 may finally settle down.

THE END

This is one of the first two-place helicopters with enclosed cockpit built by Sikorsky Aircraft at Stratford, Conn., for the Army

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-HOW MEN HATE GREASE!
The old-fashioned, greasy brushless shave is out! Men are switching by the thousands to the new, improved Mennen Brushless Shave because it has this big advantage — it's a cream, not a grease! Get it today at your druggist's in either jar or tube.
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MENNEN Brushless SHAVE
NEW! A CREAM, NOT GREASE

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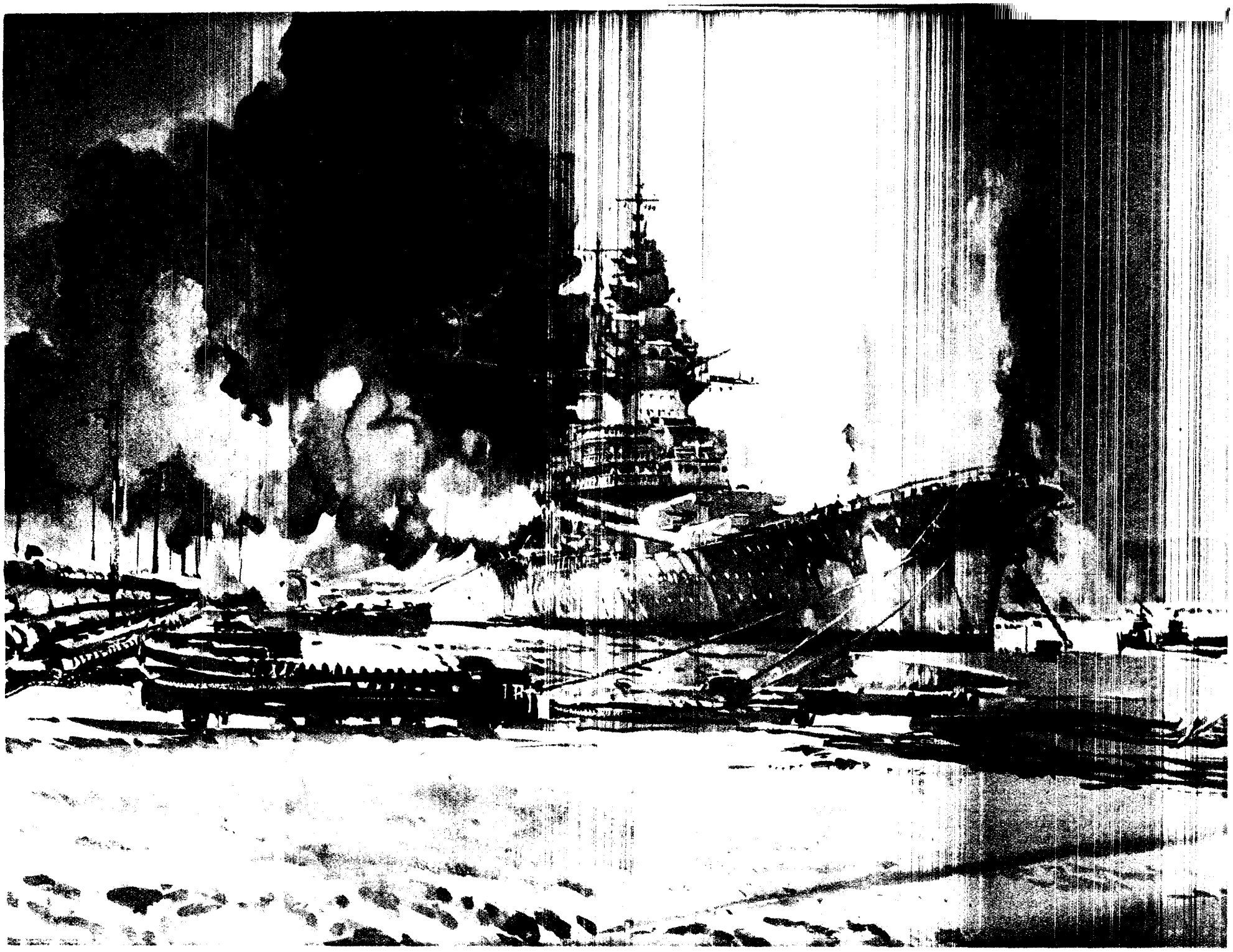

A historic painting: The Richelieu dock-bound at Dakar as she fought the British-De Gaulle expedition in September, 1940. The original, painted on the spot by Marin Marie, hangs in the office of the ship's commandant

REBIRTH OF THE RICHELIEU

BY FRANK GERVASI

Newest and mightiest ship in the battle line of defeated France, the Richelieu escaped Nazi intrigue and British bombs and will fight again for France. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is making her striking power greater than ever

THE Richelieu lies propped in immobilized grace in a dry dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Below her Plimsoll line, she is greenish with barnacles. Above it, she is clean, a battleship gray save where splotches of red lead defile her. Her lines stir your imagination. You think of a well-muscled light heavyweight. You wonder whether, for all her beauty, she packs a punch. On board, later, you learn about that.

For her great length, 794 feet, the Richelieu has a narrow waist. She is only 108 feet at the beam, and she is tall, 200 feet from keel to the top of her streamlined, truncated forward structure. And the ship is fast. Her top speed is a secret, but she cruises at 26 knots. Even crippled after her brush with the British and after what happened later at Dakar, the Richelieu managed to attain 14 knots in heavy seas during her Dakar-to-New-York voyage in February.

Riggers, fitters and welders crowd her decks and hull. They sling air hose and armored cables and supplies aboard from winches ashore. The accents of Brooklyn and Brittany mingle as strangely as those of Annapolis and Toulon. Workmen in greasy leather jackets and knitted caps manage somehow to learn from pomponned *marins* from Brest and Boulogne where to find the ladders aft that lead through the ship's prison to her stern. That's where there are two holes big enough to drive through with five-ton trucks. Ash cans from a British destroyer made them.

French sailors are chipping paint and rust from the foredeck. The dust they raise stings the nostrils, and their noise makes speech impossible. It reaches a pitch which causes your eyes to see spots. The conducting officer points out storm damage received during the Dakar-New York crossing. Heavy seas smashed the rails on the bows and ripped the covers off the forward capstans.

Inside the ship, you feel as though you are in a boiler with hammers beating on the outside in broken rhythms. There is a smell of oxidized iron and burned paint from the torches of the welders and riggers who are cutting away the scar tissue of battle damage.

It may be a long time before France—as France—can fight again. It won't be long, however, before the battleship Richelieu will carry into battle the flag of France. It will not be the flag of Charles de Gaulle, or the gonfalon of General Henri Honoré Giraud or Marcel Peyrouton or any other Frenchman. It will be the flag of France. For since that day when the godheads of opposing French factions reluctantly but publicly shook hands before the eyes of Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt at Casablanca, a wondrous thing has happened to Frenchmen. They are Frenchmen again before they are De Gaullists or factionists of any label.

When the Richelieu arrived, there was mounted against the base of a forward gun turret the twisted propeller of the British bomber which had tried to finish the Richelieu with a torpedo at Dakar, but was brought down by the Frenchmen's guns. It reminded Frenchmen to hate Englishmen. The prop was removed shortly after the Richelieu docked. It was a sma' sign that Frenchmen were willing, now, to forget.

It was under the French flag that the Richelieu (named for the wily seventeenth-century cardinal who gave his country a navy with which to challenge Britain) was baptized on January 17, 1939, eight months before war came to Europe and the world. Under that flag, she will sail again, a French entity, manned by Frenchmen although temporarily under American strategic direction.

When, in a few months, the Richelieu sails out of Brooklyn Navy Yard she will be one of the most modern warships afloat, a powerful giant of 40,900 tons, armed with eight 15-inch guns and a censorable number of other weapons, ranging from American 5-inchers down to small-caliber

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WAR JOBS WELL DONE

MEAN LOWER FUTURE POWER COST

SCARCELY anything you can name fills so many different war jobs as the General Motors Diesel engine. In tanks, landing boats, patrol boats, trucks, tractors and auxiliaries—everywhere sturdy dependability is needed—they're supplying power for our fighting forces.

The result is that though plant facilities have mushroomed and production records are broken time and time again, everything we can make is hustled off to war.

But there is this important compensation. These accelerated war demands are advancing GM Diesel production and technique years faster than could the demands of ordinary peacetime manufacture.

So we can look forward to lower-cost power and to new peacetime applications for these engines when the war is won—to broadened fields where this power will serve.

New eras of railroading follow in the footsteps of war. Another new era of railroading is assured in the wake of this war. General Motors Diesel locomotives already are establishing new standards of transportation.

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LOCOMOTIVES.....*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

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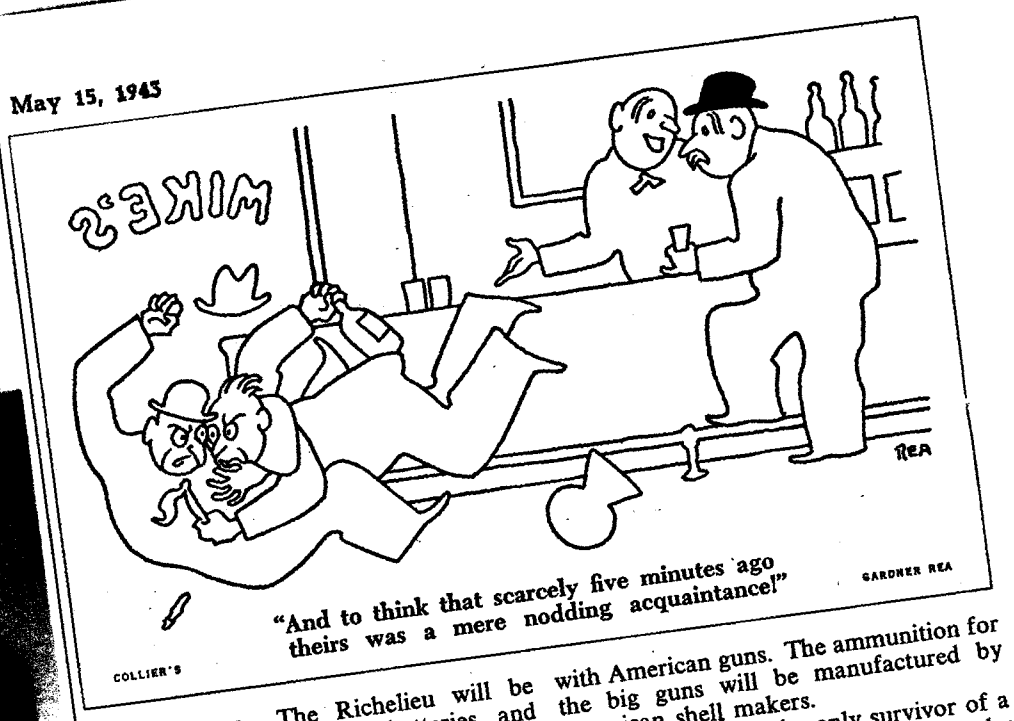

"And to think that scarcely five minutes ago theirs was a mere nodding acquaintance!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

machine guns. The Richelieu will be quilled with antiaircraft batteries and stripped clean to increase her already formidable speed and rid her of inflammable furnishings.

The ship was only partially completed when she sailed out of Brest with the fall of France in the weird spring of 1940. She was floored with linoleum and had wainscoted salons, modern mahogany commodes and desks for officers. She was a peacetime battleship, almost a luxury ship, comfortable but inflammable.

Fire is a warship's worst enemy. The remodeled Richelieu will be as clean and lean as the line of M. le Commandant's jaw. Workmen are chipping even the paint from her bulkheads and stanchions. It's been found that, in battle, the coats of paint, sometimes a quarter of an inch thick, ignite with a flash explosion and turn ships into roaring furnaces.

The Richelieu will not be up to the standards of our new Iowa, for example, but she'll be more than a match for the enemy's Scharnhorst, Tirpitz and Gneisenau. In fire power, she will rate just a cut below our ships of the Washington class, which are armed with nine 16-inch guns.

Ready for Action

Refitting the Richelieu for service with the American fleet presented several technical problems. First of all, a missing 15-inch gun, mysteriously snapped off at sea, had to be replaced. This weapon will be forged and turned in one of our arsenals. Secondly, there was the question of ammunition for the French calibers. This was partially solved by the removal of all secondary batteries and their replacement with American guns. The ammunition for the big guns will be manufactured by American shell makers.

The Richelieu is the only survivor of a tragic class of modern warships built by the French just before the war's outbreak. The Jean Bart, one of this class, laid down with the Richelieu in 1935, lay incomplete at Casablanca when American guns finished her last November. The hull of a sister ship, the Clemenceau, laid at Brest in 1938, was wrecked by high-explosive charges when the shipyard was evacuated by the French just before the Germans moved in. The projected Gascogne wasn't even laid down. Only the Richelieu escaped. She has become, therefore, the cynosure of all Frenchmen's hopes for a rebirth of French naval power.

As a member of the American fleet, the Richelieu will fight as an ally of Great Britain; and yet only yesterday she fought the British at Dakar. Only a code such as that of the present commanding officer, Marcel Deramond, could bridge the political and spiritual gulf which these facts represent. To understand that code is to understand, at once, why only a score of the crew of the Richelieu felt morally compelled to quit her and rejoin other units of the French fleet which carry the Cross of Lorraine of De Gaulle.

The rift between Frenchmen and their ally, the British, opened with Dunkirk. It widened with the melancholy events of July 3, 1940, at Mers el-Kebir, where British warships slaughtered moored and anchored and partially demobilized units of the French fleet. It deepened with the only slightly less tragic happenings at Dakar.

At Mers el-Kebir, between dawn and dusk of July 3d, at least three French bat-

"All right, men, you might as well make yourselves comfortable for the night"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

ITS GOOD TASTE

wins long friendships

Have you ever tried a really full-flavored Pilsener? If not, order Blatz from your dealer.

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"This is the first time I ever got anything that I wasn't going to return in the morning!"

tleships—the Dunkerque, Provence and Bretagne—were sunk. Several cruisers were destroyed together with a number of destroyers.

The Richelieu wasn't at Mers el-Kebir, but she was very definitely present at Dakar on the morning of September 23, 1940.

At about 6 o'clock that morning, the dull routine of life aboard the Richelieu, which had barely enough fuel oil to turn her engines over for a half-hour each day, was interrupted by the arrival overhead of two British planes. Later, a message was brought to M. le Commandant in his cabin, where a servant had awakened him with a small cup of hot, black coffee. The message said, simply: "Don't resist." It was signed: "De Gaulle."

"My orders," said M. le Commandant wryly, "could only come from the governor of Dakar, the constituted deputy of the government of France. The British and De Gaulle wanted Dakar to surrender, intact. Very soon it was clear that they would attempt force and that, in such an event, we would reply with force. That is precisely what eventuated."

Damage Not Fatal

The British-De Gaulle attacking force included, among other warships, the Barham and the Resolution, two troop carriers and several destroyers. It was a relatively light attacking force. One reason for this was that the Richelieu was thought to have been disposed of by the Hermes in July, 1940, when the British destroyer sent an improvised torpedo boat in close to the French battleship to dump several depth charges behind her. The damage caused by the ash cans was patched up sufficiently by the Richelieu's engineers to enable her to maneuver, at reduced speed, by the time the De Gaulle attack came.

An ultimatum from the De Gaullist force to surrender and join the British-Fighting French movement or scuttle or be fired upon was rejected by the Dakar authorities. The commandant got his orders. They were to meet fire with fire.

There was a desultory exchange of fire between the Barham and the Richelieu in the first day's action on September 23d. The Richelieu was hit. The polished fragment of the nose of one of the Barham's shells decorates the top of a bookcase in Deramond's office. It bears a plaque with the inscription: "An affectionate souvenir, from H.M.S. Barham, Dakar, September, 1940."

On the next day, the Richelieu was attacked by two British Swordfish torpedo bombers from one of the cruisers in the attacking force. The Richelieu's ack-ack got one of the planes, but the second managed to score with a torpedo which sliced through the Richelieu's armor, grooved a long furrow deep in her innards and exploded, but did not completely cripple the ship. Bulkheads and watertight compartments held, and the Richelieu survived. The attack subsided on the third day after a shell from the Richelieu had hit the Resolution, which was seen steaming off in a cloud of black smoke.

Efforts to effect landings by the attacking troops were repulsed by the guns of Dakar's forts, and the attempts to take the strategic capital of French West Africa, potential springboard of an Axis invasion of the Western Hemisphere, failed.

The Richelieu returned to her dock to lick her wounds and grow barnacles in the tepid waters of Dakar harbor.

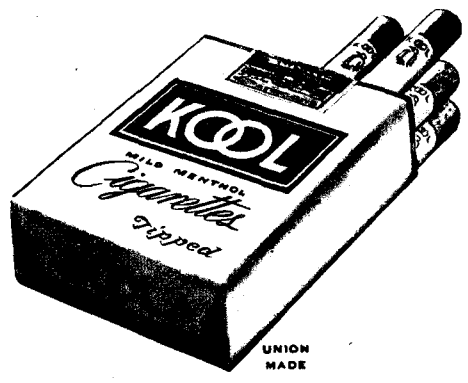
Her crew buttressed the welded patches in the ship's stern with timbers. They built a cofferdam around the torpedo wound and patched her flank. The repairs were substantial enough to enable the Richelieu, later, to make the crossing to New York through schools of submarines and the furies of midwinter Atlantic storms.

The deal between General Eisenhower and Admiral Darlan, following the Anglo-American invasion, finally released the Richelieu from Dakar. German occupation of Vichy severed the bonds which tied the Richelieu and the loyalties of millions of Frenchmen to the erstwhile capital of France. Algiers became the new capital of the French government. This government joined the cause of the United Nations, and with it went the Richelieu.

Today, the Richelieu is the flagship of those Frenchmen who remained loyal to a France whose capital moved from Paris to Vichy to Algiers. Tomorrow she may be the flagship of all Frenchmen.

THE END

This is a package of KOOLS



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If they tasted fresh and soothing then

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39¢ a jar
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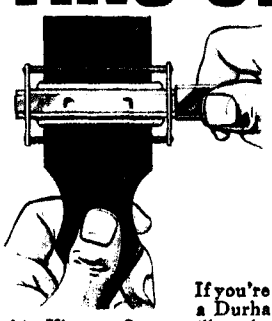

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Marriage Under the Microscope

Continued from page 12

that the size of the income bears no relation whatever to married happiness. They prove that there are cases in which one partner of a marriage is radiantly happy, and the other miserable. And that the happiest marriages for the women are those in which the wife is four to ten years older than the husband! The happiest husbands are at least twelve years older than their wives.

In considering the scientific findings, remember that no single unfavorable factor is ever to be taken too seriously. Even an ideally happy marriage is not ideal in terms of all the statistically favorable factors.

Women's chances of marrying at all vary greatly with age and occupation. If you are a spinster of 30, you have only half the chance of marrying that you had at 18. If you are a social worker, you are more than twice as likely to marry as a teacher, three times as likely as a librarian; and you have a better chance than an actress. But these differences aren't due to your opportunities for meeting bachelors on the job, for only about one woman out of eight meets her future husband through work or study, as compared to one out of four who marries a man she has known since childhood.

You are apt to marry a person of dissimilar temperament, but one whose attitudes toward current events are like your own, and your husband or wife will probably enjoy the same kind of recreation you do. Engaged couples show no agreement whatever when it comes to liking or disliking a room ten degrees too hot or too cold, or in objecting to being forced to hurry more than they object to being made to wait; but they agree in a preference for hiking or bridge.

Most American marriages are happy. Five out of six husbands and wives believe that they are happier than the average, and husbands are better satisfied with their marriages than wives are. The belief that a divorce is usually caused by the husband's wish for freedom is also untrue; the wife is the one who wishes the divorce in three cases out of five.

Married happiness runs in families. If both sets of couples' parents were very happily married, their chances are two and a half times as good as if their parents had been only average or unhappy.

A Comic-Strip Reality

Mothers-in-law don't help a marriage; the comic strips are right. If the husband's mother is dead at the time he marries, the chances of happiness are greater than if she were alive. Yet her influence still remains strong, for men whose brides resemble their mothers have 16 chances out of 17 of building a happy marriage.

Newlyweds with a strong attachment to their parents always have the best chance. This is especially true of men, but women who were close to their mothers are also good matrimonial bets. Girls and men with a strong attachment to an older sister are less apt to be happy than the average. Nobody knows why.

A girl's future happiness may be indicated in the kindergarten. Brides who were under the age of six when they learned how babies come have twice as good a chance of being happily married as girls who were ignorant until twelve or older. Boys who were severely punished for early sex curiosity tend to make poor husbands.

If you're an only child, you're a bad matrimonial risk, especially if you're a man. But if you and your spouse are both eldest children, your chances of married happiness are far above the average. Eldest married to eldest is the best combination of all. Men and women from families of six children or more are better bets in marriage than those from families of two or three children, unless they are the youngest, as youngest children are very bad risks—almost as bad as only children.

Big cities don't turn out the best husbands or wives; men and women reared on farms have an especially good send-off (provided they do not live on a farm after marriage), and husbands brought up in small towns are slightly better risks than those brought up in big cities. Men with a solid background have three times as good a chance of a successful marriage as those from poverty-stricken homes. Men and women from similar backgrounds have an edge over Cinderella and the Prince.

Did you give up Sunday school early? Husbands who stopped going to Sunday school at ten years of age are much less desirable risks than men who continued Sunday school until they were over 19. Men and women who still engage in midweek activities are more apt to have happy marriages; husbands who never attend church are worse risks than those who go once a week, and by a large margin. Couples joined in a religious ceremony have twice the proportion of happy marriages as those who take their vows before a civil servant.

But—oddly enough—differences in religion between husband and wife bear no relation at all to their happiness in marriage. It is good for the marriage if they both go to church, but they needn't go to the same one.

Age is a complicated matter. A marriage in which the bride or groom is less than 19 is over ten times as risky as marriage at the ideal age (29 for the man, 24 for the girl). Marriages are dangerous whenever the bride is under 21 or the groom is under 24, and husbands older than 31 are risky too. But women who marry at 28 or older are apt to make especially good wives.

If, in your home, the husband is the same age as the wife, or less than four years older, the chances of the marriage's succeeding are greater than if he is four to eight years older. But if he is over eight years older—or if the wife is older than the husband, as she is in one marriage out of ten—the marriage has a better-than-average chance of succeeding.

Brides and grooms who have been acquainted for five years or more have twice as good a chance as those who met only six months before. And those who kept company for over three years have an edge on those who have gone out together for less than a year. But if they kept company for over five years, the outlook for happiness is very bad.

Three Months Isn't Enough

Couples who were engaged for 2 years or more have a record of nearly 63 per cent of very good adjustments in marriage; those who were engaged for less than three months boast only 25.7 per cent.

It doesn't seem to matter whether the bride and groom are virgins or have petted, so far as the success of their marriage is concerned. About one half of all American men are virgins when they marry. What does help the marriage is a "premarital attitude toward sex free from disgust or aversion."

The girl who worked before marriage is a much better bet than the one who didn't. Schoolteachers (who have fewer chances of ever getting married than members of many professional groups) have the highest percentage of happy marriages. Next in order of success come women who have held skilled office jobs, clerical and semiclerical workers, with domestic and unskilled workers last. The woman who kept her last job for a long time is to

"You will find a most amusing article in the Psychoanalytical Journal on why we do this"

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Swarms of Flying Fortresses fly on Studebaker-built Cyclone engines

The skies are studded with Flying Fortresses in many theaters of this global war. Almost legend-ary are the achievements of our Army Air Forces with this devastating Boeing bomber—and any manufacturer would be glad to play even a minor part in the victories it is rolling up. We, of Studebaker, have the responsibility of producing huge quantities of the Wright Cyclone engines that power the Flying Fortress, enabling it to travel so fast, so far, so high. Each of these supercharged engines we build adds new luster to a Studebaker reputation for sound craftsmanship that now spans more than 91 years. Studebaker equipment at the battle fronts will be succeeded, one day, by new and finer Studebaker cars and trucks for civilian use. Until that day, our first and only consideration is helping to arm our Nation and its Allies.

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Thousands of multiple-drive Studebaker war trucks every month—Tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks are on the fighting fronts and supply lines of the United Nations. Tens of thousands more are following. Studebaker produces much other war matériel besides military trucks and Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress.

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING Flying Fortress

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The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

be sought out. If she worked at the same desk for seven years or more, she is especially apt to be a successful wife.

A man earning from $150 to $250 a month on the wedding day has a slightly higher chance at happiness than one earning more, and a much better chance than one making less. How he earns this money is even more important. Men most apt to enjoy happy marriages are, in this order: chemical engineers, ministers, college professors, athletic coaches, students, and high-school teachers. The least happy marriages are those of laborers, traveling salesmen, mechanics, carpenters, automobile mechanics and real-estate salesmen.

Divorce statistics show that actors and traveling salesmen are, by all odds, the husbands most apt to be divorced. Next in probability of divorce come musicians, bartenders and doctors. Men least apt to be divorced are engineers, agricultural laborers and blacksmiths. Why chemical engineers should turn out to be the ideal husbands is something of a mystery, but they have a tiny percentage of unhappy or broken marriages—7.5 per cent—as compared with 40.5 per cent for laborers, 35.9 per cent for traveling salesmen and 11.2 per cent for ministers.

Educated Husbands Preferred

Does education itself make for happiness in marriage? Yes. Men who finished graduate courses, after college, have only one third as many unhappy marriages as men who just completed the grades. High-school-educated husbands are a better risk than grade-school graduates, and college-bred men are better still. Women who have had graduate study are the best of all choices.

Intelligence is another matter. Highly intelligent men marry younger, marry more intelligent women and have fewer divorces. If the husband and wife are equal in intelligence, the marriage has the best chance of success.

What are the things, within our control, that make already existing marriages succeed or fail? Painstaking studies point out the importance of staying in the same home for at least three years at a time, of avoiding avoirdupois and so on, and they show us that drunkenness, excess or lack of money, cruelty and nonsupport are almost never the true causes of failure to get along. But it's worth while supplementing their bedrock data with some of the comments of husbands and wives themselves. These have been tabulated, but they have not been proved to bear any real relation to the success of the marriage. They are merely the things large numbers of couples *think* are causing their unhappiness.

The seven most common complaints husbands make against their wives are nagging, lack of affection, selfishness, complaining, interfering with his hobbies, slovenliness and quick temper.

Wives say their happiness is curdled by their husbands' selfishness, lack of success in business, untruthfulness, complaining and failure to show affection. Least important among the stated causes of friction are difference in age, smoking, drinking, a wife's job outside the home and difference in religious belief.

Money, the statistics show, is "a constant source of irritation in the home where there is already lack of harmony," but its lack does not affect the happiness of a marriage.

Statisticians find little relationship between sex compatibility and happiness, and when happily married couples are asked to list the satisfactions they find in marriage, only about one third of them even mention sex. Husbands in one study listed sexual relations third among the things which made their marriages valuable to them; the first two were companionship and mutual understanding. In the wives' case, sexual relations were the last item in a long list of marriage benefits.

Seventy per cent of all childless marriages end in divorce, compared to eight per cent of the marriages with children. Childless couples are much more apt to get divorced; but they are not less happy. Homes with two or more children have 33 per cent more cases of unhappiness than those with one child or none; and studies show that the best adjustment is between husbands and wives who would like children, but have none. The next happiest group of couples have one child only—and a child for whom they planned. The most unhappy group of all have one or more unwanted children.

Other facts seem to have a surprising importance in deciding happiness. Do you and your husband or wife have separate bedrooms? Then you are much less apt to be happy than if you used either twin beds or a double bed. Does the wife prefer a play to a dance? Four fifths of all happy wives do; less than half of divorced women do. If the husband belongs to three or more clubs, your marriage has a five-to-three edge over one in which the husband belongs to none. If the wife belongs to at least three clubs, she has a five to four superiority over wives who belong to none.

Has the husband almost no men friends? Several investigators can rise to show you that is a bad omen. Did the wife have many women friends before marriage? Splendid!

Do you live in a town of less than 10,000 population? That's much more auspicious for your happiness in marriage than if you lived in a city of 200,000 or more. If you are living on a farm, you are twice as apt to escape divorce, but also less apt to be very happy than the urban couple. If you live in the suburbs, your chances of happiness are five to four to your advantage, compared with couples living inside the city limits.

Do you live in a single-family home yourself? Then you have almost twice the chance at happiness of the apartment dweller. If you own or plan to own your own home, that is even better. Your chances of success in marriage are way above the average.

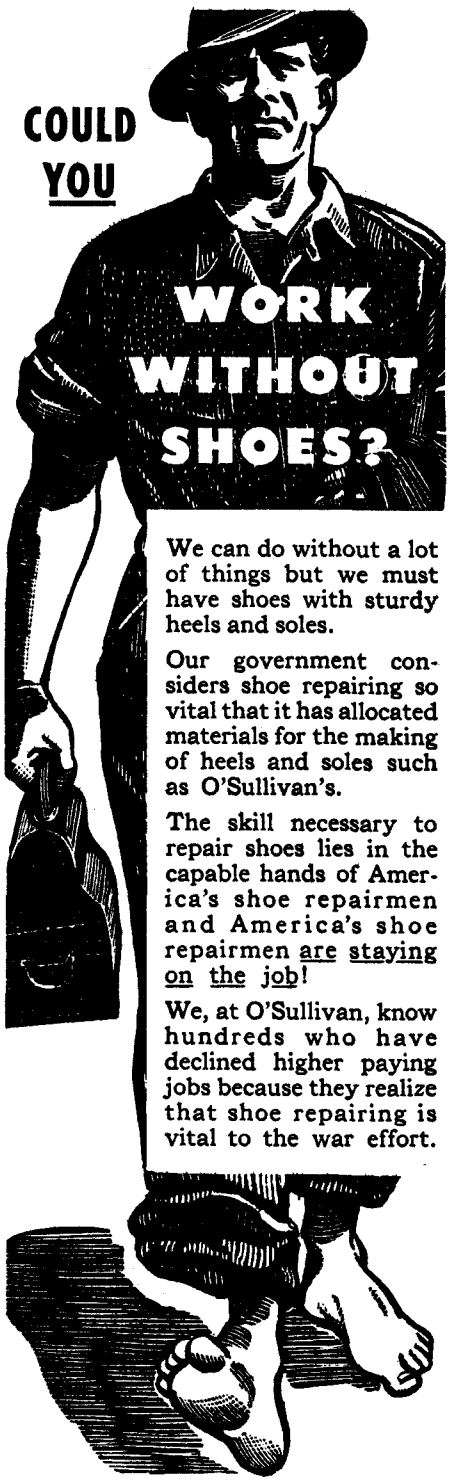
Beware of Assertive Women

What kind of person are you? If the wife wishes she had been born a man, that's a bad sign for her marital happiness. If she is conservative, secure, optimistic, co-operative and benevolent, she scores among the happiest wives. (Unhappy wives are insecure, hostile, individualistic, assertive and radical.) The fewer domineering qualities there are in both husbands and wives, the better the chances in marriage; but if someone *must* dominate, it is much better for the husband to be the boss.

The number of years you have been married may affect your happiness. If you are less radiantly happy after ten years of marriage than in the first two years, that is usual; your home may still be an unusually happy one. The satisfaction of most couples in their marriage tends to fall sharply from the third to the tenth or twelfth year, and then to rise. Around the 23d year of marriage, there is another very low point, and then an increase in contentment, so that couples married 33 years or more are again happy.

But if you have difficulty adjusting to your marriage you are lucky, in 1943, in having more facts to go on than any previous generation in history. Marriage, under the microscope, becomes a manageable and predictable relationship. We can all profit by the mistakes which earlier couples made and which the persistent scientists of marriage have now laid bare for you and me.

THE END



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These Are Your Sons

Continued from page 16

assure her it was my fault and that the night out did Pat a lot of good; for the next day he took off on a 1,000-mile flight somewhere else, full of energy and with the worn look gone from his eyes.

There is a beach not far away, and in the afternoon there are always a thousand or so very scantily clad pilots, mechanics, ground men riding the surf on blown-up rubber mattresses, the local substitute for surfboards.

The men here have only one complaint, and dozens of them asked me to forward the complaint home. By military law they are allowed to send occasional gifts home, the packages not to exceed four pounds. In Brazil, coffee is plentiful, excellent and inexpensive. The boys have been sending coffee home (four pounds for thirty cents), but are shocked to find that their parents have had to give up ration coupons when the coffee arrived. They think that their families deserve a better break than this. After all, they are adding to the coffee supply of our country.

Crossroad to the World

We stayed at Trinidad for the night because of threatening weather ahead, and then we hopped off on the next lap, an 1,800-mile jaunt, and the beautiful Douglas took it in her stride like the thoroughbred she is.

Natal in Brazil was our destination. Natal is the jumping-off place and it is one of the few bases which one can name. It is not vulnerable to enemy attack. At Natal, celebrities are as common as mangoes, and mangoes adorn every table of every mess.

Generals and presidents and the wives of generalissimos all pass through Natal on their way to China or India, Casablanca or Russia. All cargo sent abroad sifts through Natal, and thousands of American youngsters load and service the visiting and departing planes as casually as they filled up your car with gasoline in peacetime.

Thousands and thousands of pounds of cargo leave each day from Natal, bound for wherever Americans fight. The promises we heard a year ago are being fulfilled today.

Converted transport planes which were built to carry 20,000 pounds now carry 30,000 pounds and they fly in a steady and increasing stream from Natal across the South Atlantic, bringing American war material into battle.

There are no hangars at Natal, although you'll usually find more than two hundred aircraft on the ground. Planes don't stay long enough at Natal to use hangars. Even major repairs such as changing an engine are done in the open by men who have had years of training with Pan American, Eastern, TWA or other American lines. These are the best mechanics in the world. They will strip an engine and put it together again as quickly as you can do the same thing with a vacuum cleaner.

From Natal, you take the big jump across the pond. Again, this is a routine flight but it is not without hazard. There are submarines in the South Atlantic; submarines with antiaircraft guns mounted on their decks. More than one plane has fallen victim to their fire. But we fly high over the South Atlantic.

To a passenger, such a flight can never be routine. We fly at night, and the heat of South America recedes, and the cool breezes that come from far, far south of the equator infiltrate into the cabin. The moon is high and the night is studded with stars and, far below, the sea is a velvet carpet, calm and serene. The beauty of the night prevents you from sleeping, if you are a casual passenger and not a pilot who has made the trip fifty times.

Finally the night goes to sleep, star by star, and a golden dawn emerges from the horizon to broaden and bring another day to you. And then the airplane banks sharply to the right and circles, and with visions of submarines you wonder what it is all about. We circle and come down, and a copilot comes back to point out a swirling mass of bubbling water below us.

"Thought it might be a plane in trouble or a submarine," he explains laughingly; "but it's only a school of flying fish."

Millions of them leap above the surface, and the water boils and then, caught by the shafts of the sun, cascades in shimmering golden masses. Then there is land ahead. Henceforth, home security enters the picture, and we can neither write nor mention the names of the various bases operated by the Air Transport Command in Central Africa. We land at a large base which the men call Bushtown. We land feeling a little as Balboa must have felt when he first sighted the Pacific. We feel self-important and adventurous as we alight from the big plane and set foot on African soil. But our exultation is short-lived.

A sergeant and his crew take over the ship and we hear him call to his men, "Get this crate serviced in a hurry. We got a million planes coming in here today."

He had exaggerated a little. I stood on the airport nearly an hour, and planes were constantly circling, waiting their turn to land; planes which had also performed this casual miracle of crossing the South Atlantic without incident.

The colonel in charge assigns us to barracks and says casually, "You will find four or five houseboys there. Give them your laundry and have them press your clothes if you wish. And we have no locks on our doors here. These boys are honest. No one here has ever missed so much as a toothbrush."

The smiling, ebony-skinned lads who receive us are immaculately clean, and so are the quarters we are given. We sleep three in a room under mosquito netting. American Army doctors unquestionably lead the world in the field of preventive medicine. Actually, mosquitoes aren't very common in this particular part of Central Africa, but those which are here are the nasty malaria-carrying type. And so every man must sleep under mosquito netting, and there are signs warning the men not to attend the evening picture show without wearing mosquito boots. For some reason, these local mosquitoes have a weakness for ankles, and shin-high boots frustrate them completely.

Sunday Drivers in Africa

Americans, even American soldiers, are tourists at heart, and every Sunday, hundreds of our men climb into trucks and go far into the "bush" to see native life. They are startled by the wild, lush beauty of the interior. Bananas, mangoes, alligator pears (a penny apiece), and plantains hang from trees. Occasionally, the jungle colors its drabness with the violent red and purple of bougainvillaea, roses and strange local flowers.

The Central African is a smiling, friendly, trusting person, and he frankly loves the robust humor and good nature of the American soldier or pilot who will give him a penny just to pose for a picture. In the jungle, natives wear clothes only to attend church on Sunday, and today the mails bound for home are laden with pictures of undraped local belles, which may cause consternation among the men's parents and wives who receive them. The con-

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LIGHT FOR A NAVY SURGEON'S HANDS

THROUGH the sultry tropic dark, stretcher-bearers come stumbling back to the dressing station. "Chest wound," they report. "Sniper's bullet."

The tense-faced young Marine on the litter grins up at the man in white. "You'll fix me up, Doc," he whispers. And the surgeon nods.

He has as much equipment as he needs in that shelter under the mosquito net. There is a competent Navy nurse, a portable sterilizer, clean instruments, and one other priceless asset — strong, dependable light to guide the skill of his hands. For throbbing steadily away in its hiding-place among the palms, a "Caterpillar" Diesel Electric Set is generating current.

The road to Japan is a rough road. Each step along the way must be fought for, won and held. In that struggle many young Americans will be wounded. But the chances for their safe recovery will be greater because of the Navy's foresight in supplying rugged, mobile electrical equipment on each bit of occupied land.

The versatility of "Caterpillar" Diesels — Tractors, Graders, Engines and Electric Sets—is being turned to many vital uses in this war. Tough and powerful, able to run on almost any type of fuel, "Caterpillar" Diesels are at work on every front. They are building roads and airfields, hauling big guns, clearing beachheads and jungle trails, pumping water, powering air-compressors and winches, generating current for lights and communications, furnishing main or stand-by power for fighting and cargo craft.

Today the armed forces have first call on all "Caterpillar" production. But the conservation of older machines for war-essential jobs at home is in the capable hands of "Caterpillar" dealers. Their specialized equipment and skill are keeping "Caterpillar" Diesel power at work with the least expenditure of money and critical materials.

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sternation, if any, may be dismissed. Our men here have too much respect for their uniforms and themselves to do anything to tarnish either.

Men and pilots at these African bases do not work by the clock. Whenever planes come in, men are ready to unload or service them. Each base has gasoline (buried underground) ready for the tremendous stream of air traffic that flows through here. Because most of the bases are far removed from cities, the men have to carve a life out of the jungle for themselves. American ingenuity has been equal to the task.

In one jungle base, almost every officer owns a saddle horse. Natives bring them in, and much bargaining takes place before a horse and saddle change hands. The average price is about twenty dollars. Men don't have much else to spend money on.

The Post Exchange, operated efficiently wherever you go, gives them cigarettes for fifty cents a carton. They get American canned beer at many bases for half what we pay at home. They spend a good deal of time souvenir hunting, buying native cloth and juju charms which, the natives insist, ward off everything from malaria to the evil eye.

Airports Out of Jungle

The route across Africa was originally pioneered by three brilliant Pan American pilots. George Kraigher, John Yeomans and Henry Kristofferson (all colonels now) were responsible. Then a shotgun wedding took place between Pan American and our Army. The marriage was more successful than most such unions. Army discipline complemented Pan American efficiency beautifully, and today there is no doubt that this combination has resulted in the greatest transport organization ever put together.

The three flying pioneers were taken over by the Army and they immediately went to work. They took over airports, operation buildings and barracks. The limited Pan American personnel had to be enormously enlarged. New bases had to be carved out of the jungle. A thousand problems not directly concerned with flying cropped up.

One fine airport, for instance, which Pan American operated, was excellent in every respect except that the only available water had to be pumped up from 300 feet below ground. In the jungle you make your own power, and it couldn't be spared to pump up the amount of water which would be needed by hundreds and hundreds of men every day.

The three trail blazers found a spot six miles from the airport, where clear pure water lay only thirty feet below the surface. In no time at all, roads had been built, barracks, messrooms, offices and storehouses had sprung up. The jungle receded stubbornly but inevitably, and today hundreds of your sons are living well, eating better than you do at home and, within the admitted limitations of rigid Army existence, thoroughly enjoying life. Sure they'd rather be home, but you don't hear many complaints from them. They're doing a tough and important job; they are conscious of this and they go about it gravely and conscientiously.

This particular base is unique in that it boasts a miniature zoo. The boys bought two leopard cubs from some natives. The leopards, now eight months old, have grown to the point that they are no longer allowed to wander about the mess halls or barracks. They are kept in a wooden cage but they are still friendly and eagerly eat bananas or bits of meat salvaged from the dinner table and fed to them by hand.

The base also had a pet giraffe about nine feet high, three tame gazelles raised since fawnhood, and an ostrich which turned out to be a bit of a sissy. The ostrich is afraid of the jungle and insists upon spending all its time in the barracks. No one yet has found a way to teach the ostrich the lessons which puppies usually learn in a few weeks, and this complicates matters no end.

Even at this secluded airport, the men have three movies a week. Anyone who thinks that the picture industry is nonessential should hear the shrieks of delight with which our men greet the triweekly showing.

There is a radio here, too, and the entertainment programs are listened to avidly. Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Bing Crosby are their favorites. Although the boys get no newspapers, they are strangely apathetic toward our American news commentators, and shouts of "Take him off" usually greet the pontifical tones of some man to whom millions of you at home listen intently. The boys seem to prefer the BBC which merely broadcasts the communiqués without comment.

Native black troops, British trained, have been given to our commanding officers to act as guards. These husky natives are trained to obedience. At night they stand guard at the airports. They have orders to challenge anyone who approaches the airport or the planes. If the answer is not satisfactory they have orders to shoot. Our men found out very quickly that these natives obeyed orders very literally. Often planes, to escape the terrific heat of the jungle or desert, take off before dawn. It is not especially reassuring to approach the airport and to be greeted by the sight of tall, black, sinister-looking men who point bayonets at you and cry "Halt!" Very hurriedly your young pilots will yell, "Abokina"—which means "I am your friend." This is the first word our boys learn in Central Africa.

A Fair Exchange

Most of Central Africa is run by the British. Our men invite the British soldiers and airmen to their films, and the British reciprocate by having our men in to tea or to shows they put on themselves.

One morning I was in the office of Colonel Frank Collins, chief of staff at a large installation in Africa. Lord Swinton, minister to the British mandated territories in Africa, was on the phone. He was having some important guests to dinner and he wondered if the commanding officer couldn't spare three pounds of that good American butter.

"Of course I can," the American colonel said, "and by the way, Lord Swinton, I'm a little short of cement and need a bit to finish a new runway. Could you perhaps spare about three tons of your excellent British cement?"

"Of course I can," Lord Swinton agreed, "I'll exchange a ton of cement for a pound of butter any day!"

The two young pilots who flew our big Douglas across Africa were named Pat and Mike. Captain Pat Passage and Lieutenant Mike Fada seemed to know every tree in the jungle, every grain of sand in the desert. Pat became famous in Air Force circles a year ago when he crowded 73 Burmese refugees into his DC-3 and flew them to safety. The load of a DC-3 is 27,000 pounds. On that occasion, Pat had to lift 34,000 pounds off the short runway. He did it easily.

"Those Burmese are very small," he says, dismissing the incident. "So I just piled them on top of one another."

Cairo is a welcome sight after the long trip. Today, the town is filled with American uniforms. It has become a sort of Air Transport Command junction. From here, planes wing their way north to Teheran and thence to Karachi, New Delhi and Chungking.

Often the planes are filled with mail from home. Our military leaders know how important mail is to the troops. Mail from home gets the highest priority after food, and men in North Africa or Cairo or Teheran are often reading letters which you wrote only ten or twelve days before. Thank the Air Transport Command for that. In fact, thank the Air Transport Command for the cigarettes your boys smoke, for the candy bars they munch, for the occasional can of beer (virtually a medical necessity when the climate hits 120 and there is no water) they get.

It is, of course, the American prerogative to criticize. But even the most avid armchair strategist can find no fault with this magnificent organization, headed by General Arnold and run for the most part by former transport company executives. As proof of the efficiency of the Air Transport Command, I only submit that less than a week ago I was swimming in the surf at Miami and today I had lunch in a houseboat on the Nile. And this time tomorrow night I will be in Teheran, which is a thousand miles east.

THE END

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Professor Locke found him in the laboratory. "Mr. Woodbridge," he said, "I want to speak to you. Come into my office"

Eighteen in August

By Roma Rose

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

PROFESSOR LOCKE listened, nodding soberly from time to time.

"With his I.Q. of 137," the woman was saying, "he can carry this schedule. That leaves Saturday afternoons and Tuesdays and Thursdays from four to six for his laboratory work, and, of course, Sundays."

She was the mother of one of his students—a tall, handsome woman with straight black brows in a strong and intelligent face. She had come to get her son through his premedical course in two years instead of three, so that he would be deferred from the draft as a full medical student as soon as he was eighteen.

Professor Locke glanced again at the record of George Woodbridge on the desk before him. Nothing but A's and B's. One of his best students.

"It might be possible," he said. "But I don't think it is advisable."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Woodbridge said, looking at him with a contradicting stare.

"He hasn't been doing so well lately."

"He's worried, naturally," she said. "Once we get this settled, he'll be all right."

"I don't believe he can do it—even if I were to allow him to try. But I'll go into the matter thoroughly. His transcript—everything. I do not feel justified in giving my consent without considering the entire case."

She rose to go. "I know you won't be too academic about this, Professor. It is more than just a matter of credits and points." She managed a smile, charming, persuasive. "As long as I live, I will feel that you have saved my son for me."

"I will consider it carefully," he said. "Goodby, Mrs. Woodbridge."

Professor Locke walked down the hall and found young Woodbridge in the laboratory. "Mr. Woodbridge, I want to speak to you. As soon as you can, come into my office."

The young man straightened. "Yes, sir. I can come now."

He had smooth, light brown hair, and he ran his hand over it. His eyes were gray and larger than his mother's. He must resemble his father, Professor Locke thought.

"Your mother has been here."

The young man blushed as he walked along. "She said she was coming in."

"So you want to hurry up and be a doctor?"

"Well—yes, sir."

At the office, the young man opened the door for Professor Locke and then followed him inside.

"Sit down, Mr. Woodbridge. What made you want to study medicine?"

"Well, I always knew that's what I was going to do. My mother and I have talked about it and planned for it since I was a kid."

Professor Locke fingered the paperweight on his desk.

"Let's see—you'll be eighteen in August. . . . How do you feel about going into the Army?"

The boy breathed once before he lifted his eyes. His features, clear-cut though they were, now blurred with indecision.

"I really don't know, sir." There was a pause. "It doesn't seem like the Great Adventure, certainly. And I'm not attracted by any of the hero stuff—but I keep feeling—" He hurried now, faster as he went —"I keep feeling I ought to go. I'm not married. I'm not prepared for my profession yet. What I mean is: I haven't as much to lose as most of them."

"So you've decided—" Professor Locke prompted helpfully.

The boy flushed. "But my mother—" he said. "And of course, as she says, we'll be needing doctors after it's over. It can't last forever." He swallowed. "I'll do my best, sir, to carry the work."

"I'm sure you would." Professor Locke paused. "In your own mind, though, you think you should go. Is that right?"

"I don't know for sure. But I'm afraid that's the way it looks to me." He put both his feet firmly on the floor.

"Sometimes," Professor Locke said, "it is difficult to distinguish between responsibility and dependency in our relations with our fellow human beings."

The young man was thoughtful. "I'm not sure I know what you mean, sir."

"Whether we are responsible *for* them, or dependent *on* them," the professor explained. "The distinction is fine."

For the first time in years, he could remember Katharine's face clearly as they stood on the steps of the Chemistry Building that spring night in 1917. And the bitterness in her voice as she had said, *"I know why she wants us to wait until you come back . . . but it's not her life. It's yours—and mine."*

"The distinction is fine," he said again. "Sometimes almost indistinguishable."

The boy looked at him, puzzled, trying to understand.

Professor Locke knew that look well. "I talk like a bad textbook," he said and laughed in his classroom manner. "Let me put it this way: It is exceedingly difficu.. to hurt those whom we love, or who love us." He knew he was hiding behind words but he was getting closer.

"Yes, sir. It is."

So difficult, Professor Locke thought, looking at this boy's face, at the uncertainty in his young eyes, that he will not be able to do it—alone.

"What I am trying to say to you, George, is this: In the life of nearly every man, there comes a time when he must say no to his mother. When his own judgment must be his only guide."

"You really think so, sir?" The boy's voice was hopeful.

"I know it." The professor did not move until the words had come, harshly. Then he leaned back in his chair, stiff and brittle . . . old.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir. I believe that, too. But my mother—" He hesitated. "She's pretty determined. It won't be easy."

I could settle it, Professor Locke thought quickly. I could say: No, he can't carry this heavy schedule. He's too young. But that's not the point.

"It's up to you, Woodbridge," he said.

For one long, wavering moment, the boy sat there. He ran his hand nervously ove. his smooth brown hair. Then it was over.

"I'll do it," he said quietly, surely. He got up. "I don't know how. It will be awful. But thank you, sir." He took a step to the door. "Thank you, sir."

Professor Locke came around the desk. "I am not sending you out to die," he said, self-conscious at his own seriousness. "That is not my decision to make. Nor yours. This is something else. I don't know if you understand, but I admire you. I hope you will come back. I'd like to see you finish here. Good luck, Mr. Woodbridge." He put out his hand, and the young man clasped it.

PROFESSOR LOCKE sat down slowly. His heart was pounding. He was very tired, but he must get home now; he was expected. He was never later than five o'clock.

He filled his brief case with orderly stacks of papers. He buttoned his overcoat carefully to the top and went out.

His mother was waiting in her chair, her thick white hair looking vigorous and handsome and well kept. Her knitting lay in her lap. He bent and touched his lips to the cheek she offered.

"And how was it today, son?" She w always so interested in everything he did. "Did you have a hard day? You look tired."

"No," he said. "I had a good day."

"I'm so glad. What happened?"

"Nothing." Usually he told her the little high lights, arranging them with care, making them seem important. "I had some conferences . . . one of my best students is going into the Army."

"What a shame!" She sighed and picked up her knitting. "You know, dear," she said, "I'm so thankful that you're over the draft age. I couldn't let you go. You're all I've got." She gave him a bright, loving smile.

"Yes, Mother," he said. "And you're all I've got." He went into his study and closed the door.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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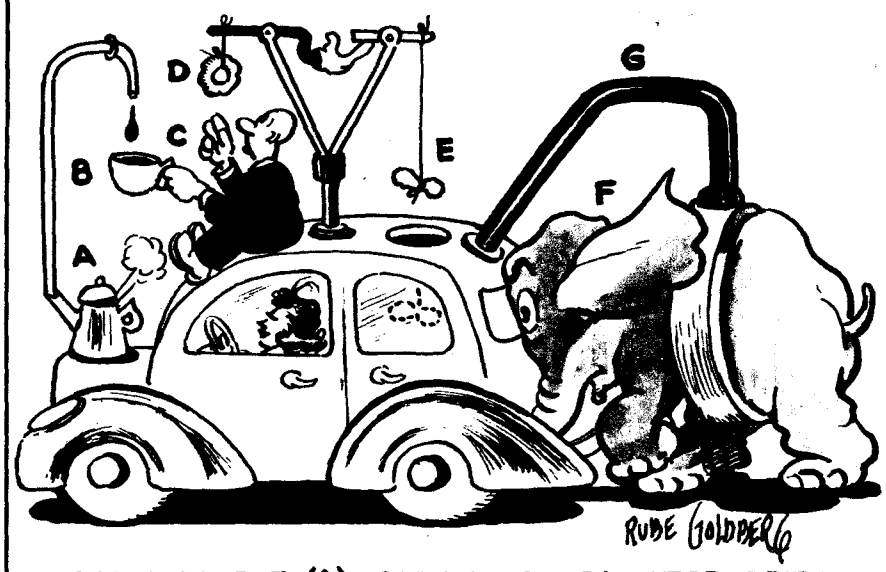
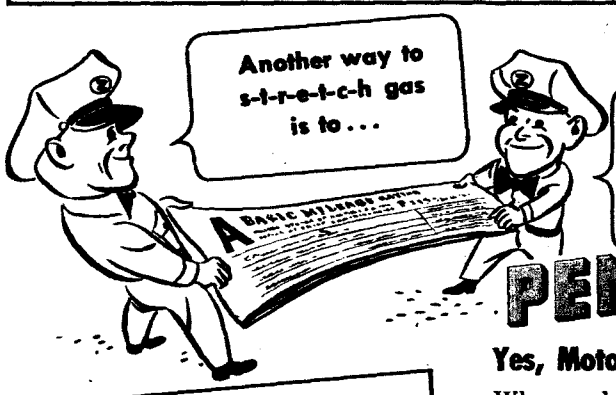


COFFEE IN POT (A), COOKING ON RADIATOR, DRIPS INTO CUP (B) — PASSENGER (C) REACHES TO DUNK DOUGHNUT (D), LOWERING PEANUT (E) INSIDE CAR — ELEPHANT (F), SEEING PEANUT THROUGH REAR WINDOW, STARTS AFTER IT, MOVING CAR WITH HEAVY ROD (G) — YOU HAVE TO GET A NEW ELEPHANT FOR THE NEXT TRIP BECAUSE, ONCE YOU FOOL HIM, AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS.



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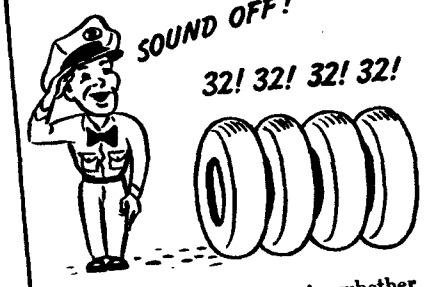

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How We Can Help China Fight

Continued from page 20

in and over China is about to be intensified. It's a fine idea, but the question is: With what? Chennault's record with the American Volunteer Group—the Flying Tigers—showed him to be a miracle man, but even he can't go on performing miracles without planes. At the moment, he hasn't got planes.

Chennault has been quoted as saying that with 500 planes he can sweep the Japs right out of China's skies. He is not a man who goes in for making idle boasts, and there is no doubt that he could do something spectacular with 500 planes. Knowing him, I am convinced that he could do very well with 300 planes. From my own observations and from what I learned from veterans in China, the absolute minimum of combat planes required is 100 bombers and 200 fighter planes. It's a small number compared to the air forces of the other United Nations, but conditions are different in China. Just how different becomes clear when one remembers the record of the AVG.

Taking a Toll of Japs

The number of Japanese planes—fighters and bombers, including the vaunted Zeros—that the AVG pilots downed was officially put at 286. The Jap flight personnel accounted for was put at 1,500. Since those guys of the AVG practically had to bring back some of the pieces of a Jap plane to make it count, the figures are very conservative. They do not include the planes that managed to wobble out of a fight and then piled up on the way home, or ships lost because pilots were gunned so badly that they couldn't get back, or the many planes strafed so heavily on the ground that they never got off again, or the personnel put out of action in raids over enemy airdromes.

That job was done with P-40s, ships not equal to the Jap Zeros in some ways. But that is not the amazing thing about the AVG's record. The amazing thing is that the boys never had more than thirty of those P-40s that could get off the ground at one time. They couldn't get spare parts or replacement planes. It was a matter of robbing some of the planes to get sufficient parts to make others fly.

When I left China, Chennault had only six bombers, one of which was used to furnish spare parts; yet he created havoc with them. He kept striking in so many directions that the bewildered Japs thought he had a great many more planes.

There are several reasons why a great deal can be done with very little, in air warfare over China. First, Chennault can get the most out of every plane; he has been fighting the Japs for years, so that he knows exactly the right tactics for making clay pigeons of them. Second, a plane starting from central China can fly in any direction except due west and go almost directly into enemy territory. Third, the Chinese hold an enormous advantage over the Japs through their constant information on enemy plane movements. It is impossible for the Japs to pull a surprise raid.

On the other hand, the Japs, because of the loyalty of the Chinese in conquered territory, can seldom, if ever, receive more than a five-minute warning of an air attack, and the Jap planes get caught on the field.

What are needed at the moment are not big bombers, but light and medium bombers like the A-20A and the B-25, fast and maneuverable enough to be used for attack if necessary, big enough to carry a good load of "Japrat" poison, with sufficient fire power to keep Nip fighters away, and small and handy enough to work out of short fields. The smaller ships cost less in fuel, oil and crew. Therefore, more of them can be operated on the same amount of supply.

Two hundred good, modern fighter planes of any type would do the trick. The main factor to be considered should be standardization, because of the difficulty of getting spare parts into China. However, continual replacements must be counted upon, for the strain on fighter planes in wartime is terrific.

At first, it will be necessary to keep in China top-notch American crews, who can

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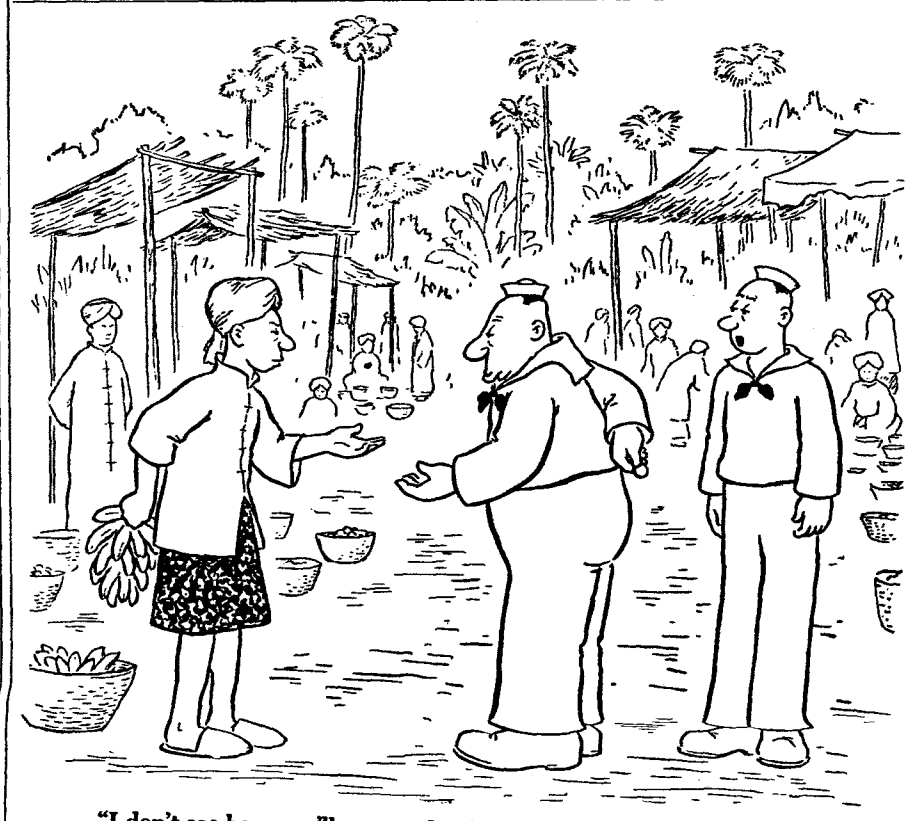

"I don't see how you'll ever make the purchase, Alfred, if he won't give you the bananas first and you won't give him the money first"

COLLIER'S

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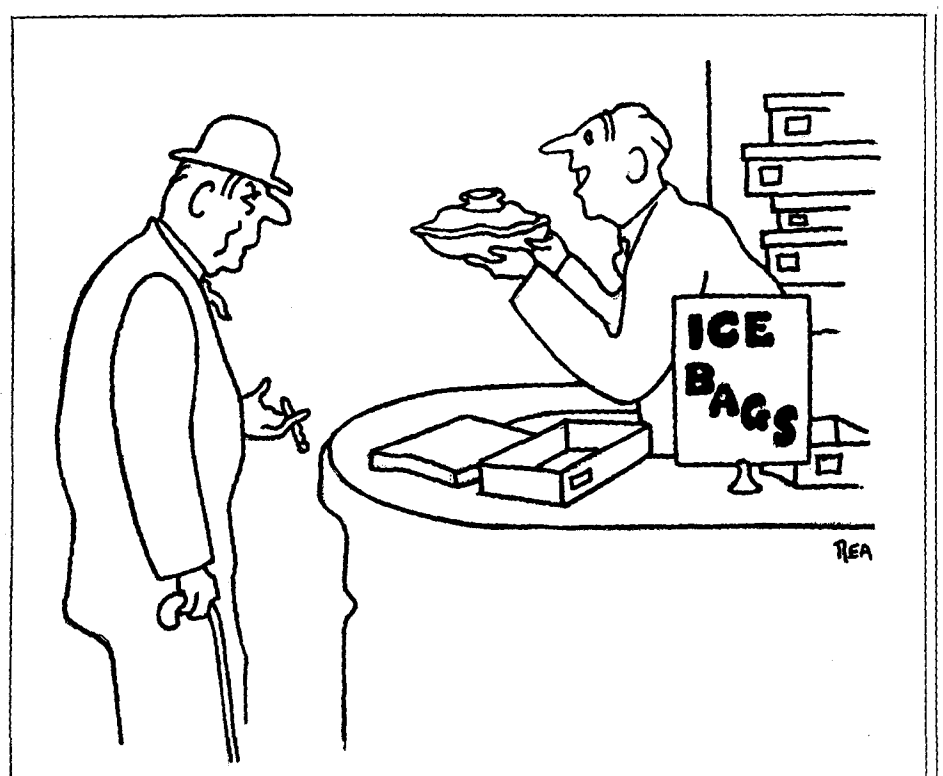


COLLIER'S "Shall I wrap it up, sir, or will you wear it home?" GARDNER REA

train the Chinese. But gradually, as the Chinese pilots return from flying schools in the United States, and mechanics and ground crews are trained in China, it shouldn't be necessary to send American crews with each lot of planes. It has been my experience that the Chinese make competent mechanics, given sufficient training and supervision. I have known any number I would trust absolutely to do an excellent job of work on any type of aircraft with which they are familiar.

During the three years from 1932 to 1935, I helped to train a lot of Chinese pilots. I was at Hangchow with Colonel John H. Jouett, who had brought a group of aviation experts to China for the purpose of helping the Chinese build an efficient air force. I know that, given equal equipment, any of the fighter pilots I turned out could have taken the Nip that fought him. The trouble has always been that the Chinese pilots never did have equal equipment.

Practicing on Human Targets

For three years in Chungking, I watched the training of Japanese naval air personnel that wreaked such havoc at Pearl Harbor, Manila, Singapore, Java and Burma. The bombing of Chungking, day after day, month after month, enabled the Japs to train thousands of pilots, navigators, radiomen, engineers, gunners and bombardiers over live targets, in every possible weather condition.

I watched them improve as raid followed raid and, each time, I also watched three or four Chinese pilots in antiquated Russian fighters tackle a formation of wenty-seven to thirty-six Jap bombers. The Chinese fliers would get in there and ight the best they knew how, though it bviously wasn't going to do any good, nd I could only stand there and admire ie grit of those lads who had plenty of its but no airplanes.

The advantage of keeping foreign pernnel at a minimum is that the Chinese n live off the country. The upkeep of American mechanic in China is $4.25 day, U. S. currency. The upkeep of a inese mechanic is about a tenth of that, en though the prices of food in China extremely high.

n July, 1942, for instance, rice was $7 ou (44 pounds); beef was $2.50 a catty 0 pounds); bread 50c a pound; poes 20c a pound; sugar 60c a pound; ı $4.45 for 4 pounds. The very cheapkind of cigarettes cost 75c a package; American cigarettes cost $2.25 a package; a bottle of whisky $16.

People leaving China sold old suits of clothes for $125. My $5 fountain pen was snatched right out of my pocket at the airfield by a Chinese who gave me $100 for it. Sulfathiazole tablets sell for $1.75 each; aspirin tablets are 35c each; one ordinary sulfanilamide tablet costs $1.25, and neosalvarsan is sold at the rate of $6.50 for 9 minims.

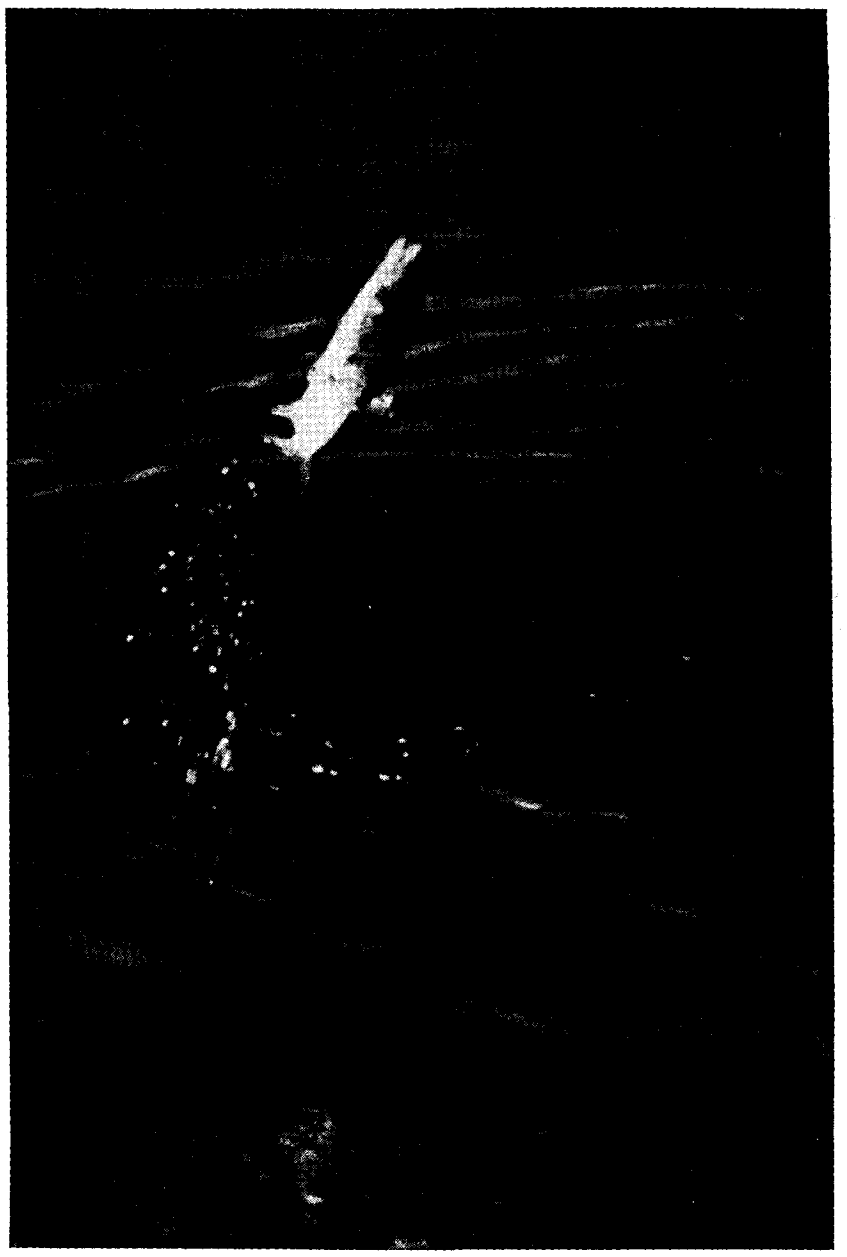
Madame Chiang suggested that an A.E.F. should be sent to China. I doubt that very many people who have had experience in that country would agree with her, not only because it is expensive to keep American troops in China but also because our soldiers are not used to the living conditions that prevail over there. It is difficult to keep up their morale. They fall ill with dysentery, malaria and typhoid.

Most experts agree that the Chinese army can take care of any ground action if properly equipped. It is not only one of the most courageous but it is also one of the most mobile armies in the world. All a Chinese soldier does is pick up his washbasin, cup, umbrella and gun, and he is ready to go. He can live off the country and he subsists mainly on rice. He wears a cotton uniform, which in winter has a padded cotton lining, his footwear is usually straw sandals with no socks, and he sleeps under one thin wool blanket. Most of the troops in the fighting districts have steel helmets but the others wear big straw hats.

As to equipment, the Chinese have a few light, thinly armored tanks, most of them from England. One army boasts an entire mechanized division; it is generally immobilized because of lack of fuel.

The army was trained along German lines by German advisers and it used largely German or French arms. Before the United States went into the war, the Chinese got scarcely any arms and ammunition from us. Now, with their former sources of supply cut off, the Chinese can't get ammunition and replacement parts for what arms they have.

Industrialization of the country hasn't been carried far enough to permit them to manufacture those things in quantities sufficient for their needs. For instance, one of their best runs of steel, which is the right quality for gun barrels, turns out only 15 tons a day. With what they manufacture, the Chinese could perhaps equip an entire division with rifles and pistols but none of the other arms requisites. It



WHAT DOES A *Fish* KNOW ABOUT *War?*

Here comes another fishing season! The fish will be there, of course. But how about the fishermen?

Millions of anglers have other engagements—in the armed forces, in factories, on farms. Seems like the '43 crop of fish are going to be pretty much neglected.

Does this mean bigger and better fish in years to come? Or does it mean poorer fishing—for lack of normal conservation efforts? What effect, if any, does off-shore bombing have on deep-sea fishing? We don't know. But we're inclined to believe that fishing will be *better.* Are we right?

One thing we DO know: when the war is won, fishermen will have finer outboard motors for their favorite sport. Many of the refinements in precision manufacture which we have developed in war production will be evident in the post-war Sea-Horse.

Right now, however, we are working only on war material—on powerful, rugged outboards for the armed forces—and on certain specialized precision items. We are working harder at this job than any we have ever worked at before. Excuse us, please, if we miss this season. We have other fish to fry.

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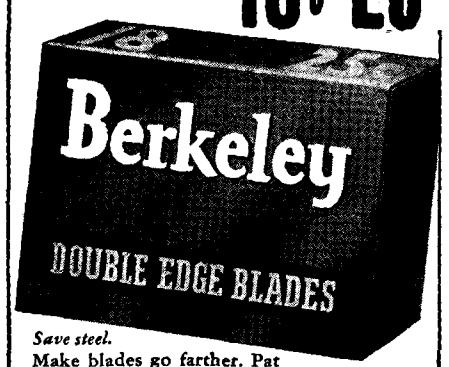

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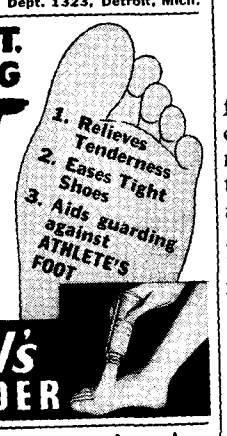
TENDER, HOT, PERSPIRING FEET



Enjoy quick relief from uncomfortable, perspiring or odorous feet, by dusting them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Promotes foot health. *Costs* but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.

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must also be kept in mind that what comes out of the factories isn't all sent to one place; it is scattered around all over the country in small amounts.

Then one stumbles upon the problem of distribution. There are many military roads but they are poor. The trucks on hand are in bad repair, so that most supplies are carried on coolie back and by stage transportation. Trucks, however, aren't so badly needed as are the parts with which to repair and maintain those already in the country. There are enough trucks for present needs, but they are lying idle because of the lack of a few small parts.

China has several aircraft factories with competent engineers to operate them but insufficient material to allow them to produce any planes. There are six different plants where planes could be built, and several other plants where engines could be assembled, but they haven't the material to keep them running.

The aeronautical commission has a research laboratory where, with very crude equipment, work has been carried on to find substitutes for the materials which China has been unable to get since the beginning of this war. It has succeeded in manufacturing casein glue, plywood and many plastics.

In order to be of any use to the Chinese, these developments will need equipment and machinery for their manufacture in quantity.

Until now, it has too often been the case that the Chinese have been given equipment which is not suited to [illegible] tions in China. This is partly due [illegible] fact that a Chinese will always w[illegible] most expensive item, whether or [illegible] really the suitable one. He has [illegible] the habit of choosing fancy eq[illegible] because, for years, he has boug[illegible] catalogues instead of from sample[illegible] the equipment is seldom bought [illegible] person who is to use it.

The man in the field will speci[illegible] he needs, but the home office will [illegible] lowest bid, thus saving money bu[illegible] stuff that is no good to the man [illegible] to use it. The moral here is that w[illegible] equipment the United States s[illegible] China should be selected only after [illegible] tation with those who know exa[illegible] is needed.

Transportation of bombers t[illegible] doesn't present any problem, as the[illegible] flown all the way. The fighter pla[illegible] be shipped as far as India, where [illegible] assembled and flown in. A serious pr[illegible] lem is the transporation of fuel for airplanes, spare parts, machinery, arms and ammunition. That can be solved satisfactorily only through a hundred transport planes, each capable of carrying between three and five tons, based in India. These transports are essential because Free China has no coast line whatsoever and, in the fall of Burma, lost the last access to a seaport.

The Inadequate Burma Road

At that, even when the Burma Road was functioning, there weren't enough supplies carried over it for the prosecution of a major war. At its peak, the maximum transported over the road was 7,000 tons a month, mostly gasoline. Out of that, gasoline had to be carried on the trucks to get the convoys in and out again. That meant that two thousand trucks a month, each one using about half a ton of gasoline for the round trip, ate up a thousand tons of the seven thousand transported. There were other drawbacks to the Burma Road: trucks used to go over the side, crashing into deep gullies, material was stolen, and it deteriorated by being left out in bad weather.

The road from India to China is still in process of being built. Owing to the terrible terrain (even worse than that of the Burma Road), it is highly doubtful whether the new road will be finished in time to make any difference in this war. Even if it were already opened, the lessons learned from the Burma Road show that air transportation is the only answer.

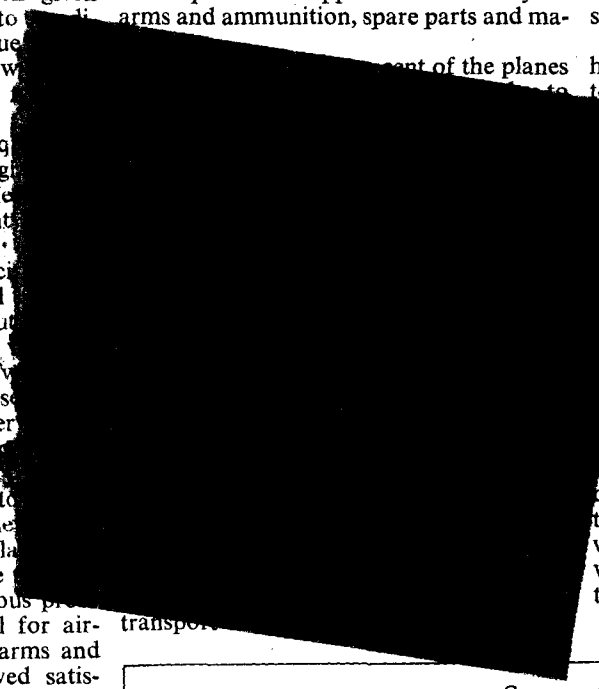
It used to take a truck an average of two weeks for the round trip; a plane carrying the same load takes about three hours to cover the same distance. With high pressure, a plane could make two trips a day. Planes carrying loads take their own fuel in their tanks, which means that all the cargo they carry actually reaches China. What's more, it reaches its destination in good condition, with practically no loss en route from leakage or pilferage or weathering.

Gasoline is the lifeblood of a country at war. It could be delivered in India from the Persian Gulf. Twenty transports, carrying gasoline only, could keep several squadrons of combat planes in operation. One cargo ship, carrying three tons, could take in enough gasoline to send two small bombers on a four-hour mission or keep four fighter planes working for four hours. That estimate is reached by using 80-gallons-per-hour-per-engine as a cruising figure.

These figures could be bettered considerably if the pilots, as is possible in China, would fly at the most economical running speed of the engine.

Air Transports Do Better Job

The other eighty planes out of the hundred transports that would be necessary to keep China supplied could carry in arms and ammunition, spare parts and ma-



[illegible]ent of the planes [illegible]
transport[illegible]

between that country and China. The foundation of this organization is the CNAC (China National Aviation Corporation), with its pilots who flew through six years of war in China. When I was in India in October of last year, it had between twelve and fifteen planes not all of which were used for cargo; there weren't more than eight or ten transports which carried loads of two to three tons.

But as it stands now, the organization is a perfect one on which to build, for its personnel is made up of seven or eight CNAC pilots, some boys taken out of the AVG, other pilots who have been trained up to the flying conditions in that are and aviation experts who have worked in China for the last ten or twelve years under conditions that would have caused any other scheduled air-transport line to cancel out flights.

Experience in that zone is the most important qualifications for a pilot. There is a great deal of bad weather; there are many high mountains, few intermediate fields. Also, planes don't fly on a beam. They have radio direction finders of a type developed by CNAC because of the low-powered ground equipment that must be used in China. The pilot picks up a power hum from a ground station and trains his direction finder on it for a reading which, through practice, has enabled him to hit within a degree the source of the signal.

The CNAC pilots are accustomed to using a minimum of radio, because they couldn't risk having enemy planes pick up either their location or that of the radio station.

The air-transport organization which has been set up in India has the right men to operate it and the right men to train [illegible]ots who know only the flying conditions [illegible]the United States.

[illegible]he U. S. Army Air Corps has the right [illegible]n in General Chennault to blast th[illegible]s out of the air.

[illegible]he same cry goes up again and again [illegible]m these men: "Send us more fighters [illegible]d bombers! Send us more transports so [illegible]t we can get the gasoline, spare parts [illegible]d supplies we need so desperately!"

[illegible]They know that, with enough equipment [illegible] strike at Jap concentrations, airfields [illegible]umps and supply trains, and with enough [illegible]ghter planes to act as an air umbrella [illegible]he Chinese troops will be able to consoli[illegible]date positions near the coast. These pos[illegible]tions will some day be choice spots fro[illegible] which the thousands of tons of bombs th[illegible] were slammed into China can be returne[illegible] to Japan—with heavy interest.

THE END

"Look, Joe—an orchid! Somebody thought you were right!"

COLLIER'S — RODNE

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